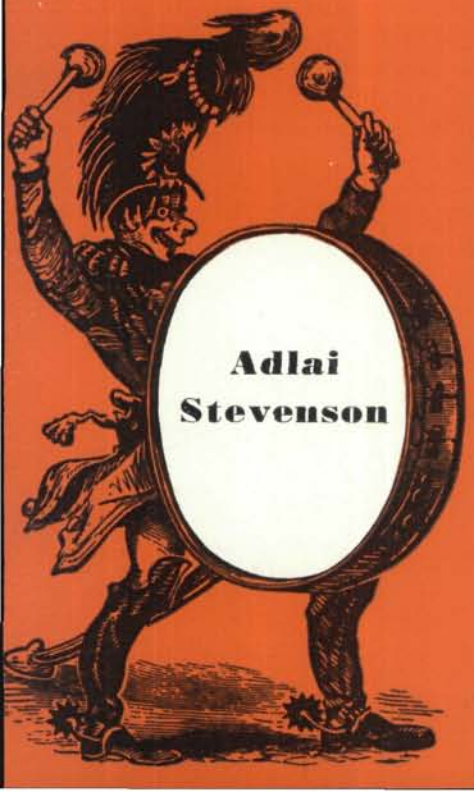
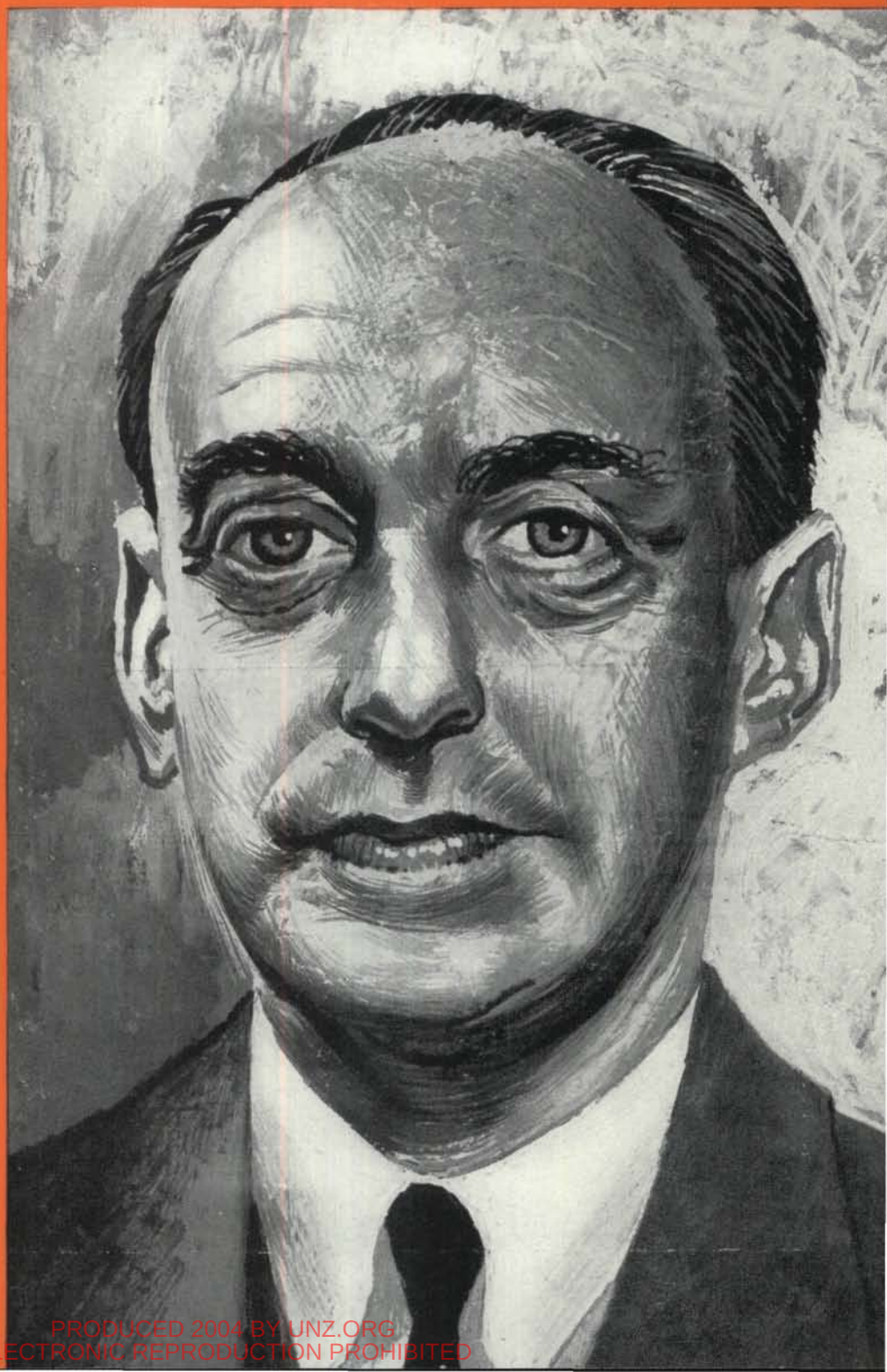
Heidelberg to Madrid—
The Story of General Willoughby

The Reporter

August 19, 1952 25c

McCarthyism:
How It All Began
by Millard Tydings





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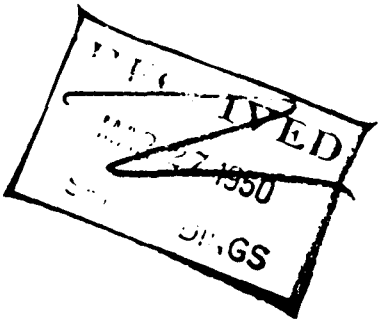
NEWS PUBLISHING COMPANY
~~NEWS-REGISTER AND INTELLIGENCER~~
WHEELING, W. VA.

March 25, 1950.



Honorable Millard E. Tydings,
Senate Office Building,
Washington, D. C.

My dear Senator:

The matter of the controversy which has arisen over the Wheeling Intelligencer's report of Senator McCarthy's speech in Wheeling has come to my attention.

I do not approve of the manner in which it has been handled. Our newspapers have no desire to become involved in a political controversy. Our only interest is in accurate reporting, and there is no reason why we should withhold any information concerning the authenticity of stories appearing in our columns.

I have today talked with Mr. Frank Desmond, the reporter who wrote the story in question. He tells me there can be no doubt that Senator McCarthy did use the figure "205" in referring to his list of men in the State Department who have been named as members of the Communist Party, and members of a spy ring.

We, of course, have no knowledge as to the accuracy of the figure. As I have stated above we are only interested in the fact that our reporting was accurate.

Very truly yours,

Stanton Wood

The "numbers game" began two and a half years ago. (See page 12.)

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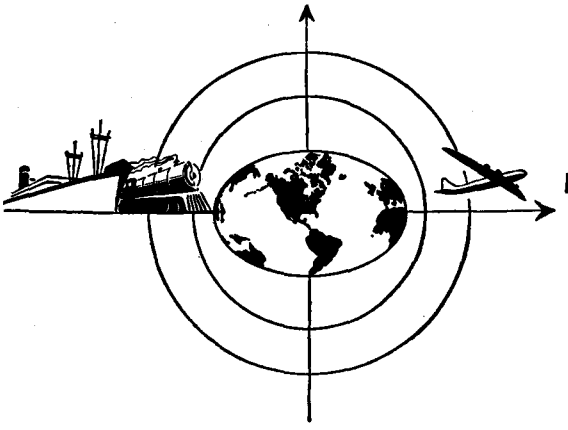


THE REPORTER'S NOTES

While You Were Away

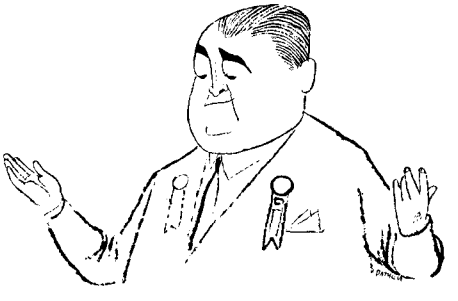
This summer the great American Conventions have eclipsed most other news in the foreshortened sight of our citizens. Yet the world did not stand still. A fat playboy, former King Farouk, was escorted to his royal yacht. The King departed and the Captains remained. Egypt was in the custody of a military group headed by General Mohammed Naguib Bey, with unknown portents for the future, especially of the jittery Islamic world. The Korean truce talks dragged along and, if anything, went into reverse gear as the Communists implied they might back down on some of the points already agreed to. Aneurin Bevan's suicidal neutralism gained converts in the shape of several large British unions. The Schuman Plan progressed, with the approval of the first steps for its implementation. Russia made some headway in shifting emphasis from propaganda to realistic production among its Eastern European satellites. Our jet pilots chased resurgent "saucers" in the Washington sky.

Political Convenience

In a very able speech on the first day of the Democratic Convention, Senator Paul Douglas of Illinois attempted to throw part of the blame for our initial weakness in the face of the North Korean attack onto Dwight D. Eisenhower. The Republican candidate, Douglas pointed out, was Chief of Staff of the Army when the Joint Chiefs assured the Administration that the military services had little strategic interest in keeping U.S. troops in Korea.

A few hours later, Governor Paul Dever of Massachusetts proclaimed that Eisenhower's fame as a wartime commander was achieved as a lieutenant of Franklin D. Roosevelt and that his "reputation in the rearmament of Europe was developed as the deputy of Harry S. Truman."

The Democrats can't have it both ways. If Eisenhower achieved his prestige only because he carried out the orders of two Democratic Presidents, he cannot suddenly be pictured as a free agent when it suits his opponents



to hold him responsible for mistakes. If Eisenhower was merely a deputy, his responsibility must have been severely limited for error and achievement alike. But if he was sufficiently a free agent to bear some of the onus for Korean unpreparedness, he must have been enough of a free agent to merit some of the glory for our military and diplomatic successes in Europe. The Republicans have hardly a higher average for consistency, but there was a conspicuous brashness about this particular Democratic blooper that should have the virtue of putting the American public on guard against the campaign oratory that lies ahead.

A Name in Vain

We noticed during both of the recent political Conventions that when an orator began to talk about God you could be pretty sure that he was reaching the end of his speech. The *Christian Century,* a non-denominational Protestant weekly, was annoyed both by these contrived and perfunctory references to the Deity and by some of the invocations which were offered by religious leaders. "The length and especially the substance of many of the prayers," according to the *Christian Century,* "indicate that they were designed for human, not divine, ears."

"God is not a Republican," the magazine concluded, "much as that assertion may dismay the citizens of Maine and Vermont; or a Democrat, even though that may be disbelieved in the Solid South. He is not even an American, shocking at it may seem to say it, and it is just possible that He thinks no more of the 'Star-Spangled Banner' than he did of the battle cries of the Philistines or the war whoops of the Navajos."

Power Politics

A worldwide broadcast of the U.S. political Conventions probably wouldn't have been too good an idea, since without some fairly detailed insight

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into the workings of our party system most of our friends abroad might have been more confused than edified. There was one moment during the Democratic Convention, though, which we think both our friends and our enemies should have heard, because we know it would have reassured the former and hopelessly confused the latter. We wish this moment could have gone out to every regular listener of Radio Moscow—including, presumably, J. V. Stalin. It was when the name of Harry Truman's alternate was called and we heard these words: " . . . the President of the United States—one half vote."

Settlement in Steel

Settlement of the longest and most costly steel strike in America's history was lucky to make the front page against the competition of the Democratic National Convention. The terms of the final agreement were so close to those which seemed inevitable from the start that the $4 billion in lost wages and production seemed a fabulously extravagant bill. As could have been foreseen, the union shop was allowed, with moderate "escape clauses." The Wage Stabilization Board's hotly contested recommendations on pay scales were closely approximated, except for penny differences in fringe benefits. And, as was foreordained from the beginning despite Administration disavowals, the steel industry won substantial price rises—$5.20 a ton instead of the $2.84 hike that would have been allowed by the Capehart amendment.

Could not a top-level conference in the White House between labor, industry, and Administration leaders have obtained the same result at the outset? Probably so, if all the parties had been willing at the time to work for reasonable compromise. But though the outcome was inevitable, the parties involved were determined to bring about a test of power. In that test the forces in the dispute—organized labor and the White House against industry and Congress—were too closely balanced for either to achieve clear-cut victory.

There were many by-products of this struggle. The Supreme Court's decision on the President's "implied powers" under the Constitution set a precedent that will affect the nation's future. And the reactions of millions of Americans who observed the struggle and appraised it will influence the nation's political and economic education.

The steel strike, like so many bitterly contested economic struggles in America, ended on a high note of reconciliation—so high that union leader Murray and U.S. Steel President Fairless plan a series of harmony speeches to the workers. American economic conflicts can continue to be solved, wastefully but peacefully, just so long as it remains possible to find compromise along the convenient avenues of wages and prices. How long such avenues will remain open is likely to depend upon sustained production, and from it alone can the public continue to find the means to pick up the tab.

'THE PEOPLE ARE WISE'

(Governor Stevenson, July 26, 1952)

For humility, the man humble before
the greatness of their need,
They have prayed.
For courage, the man speaking what
he believes and what his heart and
mind dictate,
They have prayed.
For wisdom, the man informed, tempered
by knowledge and pursuit of reason,
They have prayed.
For purity, the man unblemished by any
barter of the soul,
They have prayed.
For humanity, the man with love for them
and belief in them,
They have prayed.
For the new, clear, unfettered, uncommitted
voice speaking fresh words,
They have prayed.

And now
Out of the bands and circuses,
Out of wrangle and faction and the
incessant surf of words,
Out of the ragged, breaking, cheering
throats of a thousand men and
women,
Out of the weary stale parade of
parliamentary hours and the pound
of the gavel,
Out of the thunderous roll call of the
sovereign states and the cries
of their delegations,
Out of democracy, raw, living, raucous
and triumphant,
Their voice gave answer.

—SEC

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CORRESPONDENCE

BLESSED THE WRONG MAN

To the Editor: The only weak point in Joseph C. Harsch's article in your issue of July 22 is that he writes as if he were considering a British election, where the voters decide who is to head the next House of Commons. But in this country we elect two distinct entities, a President and a Congress —a President to govern, and a Congress to prevent him from governing.

Congress itself is ruled by its committees, and the committees by their chairmen, who in turn obtain their office by means of seniority. If, therefore, the Republicans win next November, Mr. Eisenhower will be President, but "Mr. Republican" will rule Congress; and the American people, like half-blind Isaac, will find, when it is too late, that they have not blessed Esau, as they intended, but Jacob.

H. E. ZACHARIAS
Techny, Illinois

To the Editor: It is difficult to understand how Joseph C. Harsch can make positive statements concerning Eisenhower's position on political and economic problems in view of the Republican candidate's unwillingness or inability to do anything more than utter vacuous pronouncements about morality, spirituality, and unity. Mr. Harsch writes: "He distrusts powerful labor unions, but because he has a primitive American distrust of concentrations of power of any kind, not because he is anti-labor."

Does Eisenhower's distrust extend to industrial power as well? Is he suspicious of the economic power of such industrial giants as Du Pont, General Motors, United States Steel, and Alcoa? In order to protect the employees of such powerful industrial giants and to prevent or curb possible abuses, powerful labor unions, among other things, are an integral part of the American economic scene. And experience has demonstrated that the only effective type of labor union in the mass-production industries is the labor union which covers most, if not all, of the employees of an entire industry. The employees of General Motors, for instance, need the support of workers in the entire automobile industry in order to have the economic resources necessary to exercise effective bargaining strength.

I believe that big business is here to stay and that great benefits can be derived from it. However, big labor and also big government are inevitable and necessary accompanying phenomena to bigness in industry. What happens in the absence of strong labor and effective government control of powerful business organizations was adequately illustrated in Nazi Germany.

KURT L. HANSLOWE
Detroit

DISSENTING OPINIONS

To the Editor: Along with some well-aimed bolts, Professor Henry Steele Commager ("What Liberty Means to Robert A Taft," *The Reporter*, July 22) loosed at least one boomerang. The penchant of the Senator and his followers to discuss liberty exclusively in terms of economic free enterprise is properly deplored. The other limitations on freedom of choice and action which Professor Commager sees about him are indeed real and of pressing importance. But, he tells us, these other liberties are the only true liberties.

Professor Commager feels that ". . . corporations do not appear to be suffering unduly from restrictions upon their freedom," and cites profits as proof. One might with equivalent misunderstanding cite enrollment figures as evidence of academic freedom. Unreasonably graduated and apportioned taxation has had a serious effect on the creativity of our economic institutions. The technological and mass-psychological imponderables involved in the success or failure of new enterprises are such that a certain return on capital and a certain perpetuity of the operation in a reasonably predictable legal framework must be likely if the capital, assuming it exists, is to be risked. Whatever else recent Administrations have provided, they have not provided an atmosphere favorable to experimentation and progress in industry.

JAMES H. GARDNER
Cambridge, Massachusetts

To the Editor: I am shocked at Professor Commager's characterization of Abraham Lincoln's signing of the Emancipation Proclamation as an example of Presidential "inherent powers." Lincoln's action was a Constitutional war measure designed to weaken the South militarily. It did not, for example, free the Negroes in the North. That was done later by Constitutional amendment.

The doctrine of "inherent powers" is vastly different from an exercise of war power, when the Constitution may be held in abeyance. I trust the professor will reexamine this point. The inherent-power doctrine has no basis in law.

ROY A. JONES
Binghamton, New York

To the Editor: I write both to ask and answer questions in commentary on your July 22 issue pertaining to the politically late Senator Taft.

With reference to the letter of Richard M. Douglas on Taft's "judgment in foreign-policy matters," I ask: By the remotest stretch of rational imagination, could the world—from any libertarian viewpoint—be any worse off if Taft's proposed policies instead of Roosevelt's had been followed in 1940-1941? Conversely, is it not the most plausible possible surmise from all the facts that if Taft's judgment had prevailed, the United States, at least, would be much better off in every tangible respect?

Turning now to three questions posed by Henry Steele Commager, who asks Senator Taft: "Precisely what liberties have been lost [since 1932]? What liberties have been curtailed? What liberties have been qualified?"

Comprehensive answers would require an article as long as Commager's, for it has been more a matter of steady attrition than of outright crackdown; but three egregious and specific anti-libertarian developments can be put briefly.

First: The liberty for a free life, and even the liberty to live, have been lost for vast numbers simply by conscription. Self-evidently, if liberty has any real meaning, conscription is always its antithesis though socially justified for the actual defense of a nation within its own borders or vitally contiguous areas. But when the President without even Congressional authorization sends conscripts to face death in Korea, he is being just as much of a dictator as Stalin—except that Stalin so far has never sent any Soviet conscripts outside Russia or its vitally contiguous areas.

Second: The liberty to get a passport has now been curtailed so that one cannot go abroad unless the government deems the trip to be in its "best interests." Probably no great number of persons have yet been denied passports, but the principle is thoroughly totalitarian—and not so long ago similar Soviet policy was justly and vigorously denounced by all good American liberals.

Third: The Smith Act—which has now been used against three violently differing groups of dissidents, with convictions only in peacetime—definitely qualifies the Bill of Rights as well as contravening the very basis of our own national life.

Senator Taft did not invoke the foregoing points in his own speches on liberty. (If he had, he might now be well on his way to becoming President.) Commager's questions, however, are about the actual state of liberty. And here is just the gist of a reply.

There has been one specific expansion of liberty in the United States since 1932, but Commager doesn't mention it. That is the liberty to drink alcoholic liquor legally, which was achieved only through the mass disobedience of prohibition. There's a profound moral in this fact, but I'll let the reader draw it.

WILBUR BURTON
Winchester, Indiana

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The Reporter

A FORTNIGHTLY OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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From Chicago to the Polls

THANKSGIVING—AN EDITORIAL *Max Ascoli* 5

HOW THE DEMOCRATS GOT TOGETHER *Douglass Cater* 6

A DELEGATE'S-EYE VIEW OF THE CONVENTION *William S. Fairfield* 9

MCCARTHYISM: HOW IT ALL BEGAN *Millard E. Tydings* 11

WHO IS RICHARD NIXON? *Ralph M. Blagden and Robert K. Bingham* 16

At Home & Abroad

LÉO AND BRAZZA, THE CONGO'S UNIDENTICAL TWINS *Oden and Olivia Meeker* 17

THE BALTIC: RUSSIAN BOTTLE WITH A SWEDISH CORK *William H. Hessler* 21

HEIDELBERG TO MADRID—THE STORY OF GENERAL WILLOUGHBY *Frank Kluckhohn* 25

THE FUTURE SENATOR FROM ALASKA *Richard L. Neuberger* 31

BRAVE NEW WORLD IN A POTATO FIELD *James Munves* 33

Views & Reviews

TELEVISION HITS HOLLYWOOD *Richard Donovan* 36

FRIENDLY LADY FRIENDLESS IN MOSCOW *Gouverneur Paulding* 40

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in this issue . . .

The Chicago show is over, and it's time to have a look at some of the more explosive issues, even if they didn't turn out to be quite as explosive as they had been advertised. "How the Democrats Got Together" examines the more or less traditional cleavages that the Democrats had to heal before they nominated Adlai Stevenson. But sometimes basic political conflicts are even more dramatically symbolized by personalities. The Republicans have such a personality in Joseph R. McCarthy, the official theorist of McCarthyism (see the book *McCarthyism*, by Joseph R. McCarthy). Sooner or later Eisenhower must face him—not as *an* issue, but as *the* issue. We are glad to be able to publish "McCarthyism: How It All Began," by former Senator Millard E. Tydings, a man who not only knows as much as any human being except McCarthy about how it began, but has had to learn to his regret how it works.

Millard E. Tydings, U.S. Senator from Maryland from 1927 to 1951, is a veteran of the First World War who rose from enlisted man to lieutenant colonel and was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for valor in combat. . . . **William S. Fairfield** helped cover the Chicago Conventions for *The Reporter*. . . . **Oden** and **Olivia Meeker** are writing a series of *Reporter* articles on Africa of which *Léo and Brazza* is the third. . . . **William H. Hessler** is a columnist for the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. . . . **Frank Kluckhohn** was a New York *Times* correspondent in the Far East during and after the Second World War. . . . **Richard L. Neuberger**, an Oregon state senator, is a well-known writer on the Northwestern United States and Alaska. . . . **James Munves** describes himself as "a struggling young writer who moved to Levittown in the third great wave of migration in 1950."

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Thanksgiving

It is difficult not to be emotional these days, now that the first round of the Presidential contest has ended and the second has not yet begun. And there is no virtue in trying to hide an emotion which, for a very short while, makes millions of Americans feel as one—a surge of thanksgiving and pride. For we have seen with our own eyes how much resilience there is left in our political system and how much health in our parties. We find ourselves, not as individuals but as a people, wiser than we thought. For months, millions of us have been in dread that the choice would be between impossible alternatives next November. Now we know that the only embarrassment ahead of us will be choosing between two superbly qualified candidates.

The whole thing is still rather bewildering, and it still makes us feel good to read every day in the paper that the Republican nominee is Eisenhower and the Democratic nominee is Stevenson. Each of them wanted to be drafted rather than to volunteer. It looks as if the harder a man runs for nomination, the more likely he is to end as an also-ran.

In all fairness, the men who struggled so hard and lost did a useful job, for they helped to stir up popular interest. In both parties the ideological extremists were useful too, and so were the more seasoned politicians, who know how to keep the extremists in check. They all helped.

In his eagerness to prove himself a simon-pure Republican, Eisenhower, accepting the nomination, offered a compendium of the stalest and most traditional complaints cherished for twenty years by his party. Even after Taft's defeat, sheer anti-Communism and not Republican liberalism was the most passionately held party issue: Eisenhower would take care of foreign, and Nixon of domestic, Communists.

One week later the unfinished business of the Republican Convention was taken over by the Democrats. It became the Democrats' privilege to present the citizens with the chance to vote for a man who is loyal to his party and yet thoroughly independent in political outlook. There is in Stevenson an ingrained, insurmountable distaste for any sort of commonplace or for any uncritically accepted idea—even, and perhaps particularly, when ideas he believes in are concerned. If anyone can be called a liberal, it's Adlai Stevenson; yet he has that kind of mind that is no more interested in the general principle of liberty than in the detailed analysis of the technical mechanisms and the spiritual power that, in concrete situations, make freedom work. He is such an enemy of wholesale unqualified statements that he might even think that not everything was wrong with the Eightieth Congress.

Until a few months ago, Stevenson's name was unknown to the general public. A few years ago, he was not even widely known among the people of his own state of Illinois. Yet it is indisputable now that the voice of this modest, self-disciplined man carries far—indeed, much farther than any howling rhetoric. The words he says, filtered by his conscience, have found an immediate response in the conscience of the American people. For they sometimes have that ring, that pitch that bring back the memory of Lincoln.

What made Stevenson was the way he spoke the few times he put in public appearances while he was shunning nomination. Now the people know his voice and his face—but they don't yet know the man. His antagonist is the most well-known and well-loved man in the country. But the trouble with Eisenhower the candidate, so far, is that whenever his voice is heard the image that the people have of him becomes somewhat blurred.

By setting the tone of the political campaign above victory or defeat, Stevenson has spurred his competitor to bring forth the best that is in him—his rock-bottom decency, his common sense that should make him beware of stereotypes. Including, of course, such stereotypes as "crusade" and "total victory," for there cannot be total victory, ever—in a civil political contest such as this one.

Now that the two parties and their hard-working professionals have dutifully done all the things that had to be done to produce the two candidates, the new round of the Presidential contest starts. But there are no routine or commonplace qualities about either of them. They have an identical sense of their own and of their country's responsibilities, and they do not indulge in rhetoric when they proclaim their humility in facing the task that has been imposed on them. Moreover, they are up against the same difficulty, each one of them in respect to his own party. Each must secure the full support of his political organization, and at the same time each must establish a measure of independence and distance from his party's leaders. Will the men in command of the Democratic Party let Stevenson prove that his Administration can be equivalent to a change of the party in power? Will the Republican leaders awaken to the fact that Eisenhower must be free to further his chances of appealing to the vote of liberal Republicans and independents, two groups on which his opponent has a firm hold?

With his acceptance speech, Stevenson set the tone of the campaign. It doesn't matter much, as Stevenson said, who wins or loses. If both political parties compete in talking sense to the American people, in telling them the truth, then America wins.

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How the Democrats Got Together

DOUGLASS CATER

One self-proclaimed Presidential candidate at the Democratic Convention in Chicago who somehow failed to get his name placed in nomination was an Indianapolis inventor named Frank Ellison Best. Mr. Best must have realized that his chance of nomination was a long shot; yet during the days prior to the Convention, he had reason to anticipate that a program he had concocted, known as "the Best Plan," might just possibly succeed. Mr. Best, supported by a ministerial conclave called "The Lord's Day Alliance of Indiana," had a simple solution to the North-South strife which threatened to split the Democratic Party. His brochure, which was ultimately placed in the hands of every delegate on the Convention floor, proposed that:

". . . the said Democratic Party recognizes that it is composed of two well entrenched factions known as the 'North' or 'A' Faction and the 'South' or 'B' Faction and that, in order to avoid threatened schism, the said Party does hereby draft two sets of Presidential and Vice-presidential candidates as standard bearers of the respective factions and does hereby authorize and order the preparation and promulgation of two respective platforms as shall be approved by the said respective presidential candidates . . ."

Separate but Equal

Mr. Best further proposed that both sets of candidates be placed on the ballot, North and South, and that the entire Democratic Party support the candidates and program of the winning faction. There could be little doubt as to which set Best favored; he suggested that Harry S. Truman and Alben Barkley be the candidates of Faction "A," and that he, Best, and Strom Thurmond, the Dixiecrat candidate for the Presidency in 1948, be candidates of Faction "B."

Far-fetched though it may have been, the Best Plan had the advantages of throwing the party's big internal dispute to the majority opinion of the voters. There were both Northern and Southern factions in Chicago that were aching to decide the dispute then and there, and were totally indifferent to the question of party unity.

The outcome of the Democratic Convention was a victory of the politicians over the phony mathematicians who purported to show by charts and electoral votes how the party could chop itself in half and emerge stronger. The Friday before the Convention opened, the Americans for Democratic Action, the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, the CIO Political Action Committee, and B'nai B'rith held a joint "leadership" conference at which key representatives stated the formula that was to be repeated on numerous occasions afterward. This was that the South had played no decisive part in the elections of Franklin Roosevelt from 1932 to 1944. It was argued that even in 1948, if three Northern states had not been lost because of the Wallace defection, the electoral votes of the Solid South would not have been necessary.

One Northern liberal at the Convention remarked, "I know the progressive Southerners have a tough problem on their hands, but the bald fact is we can do without them and win in November. We can't do without the votes of the Negroes and other minorities in the North. It's as simple as that."

A similar theory of victory through disunity found considerable support among the more die hard Southerners, but they had used different mathematics and had come up with an entirely different answer. If the party adopted a platform and candidate acceptable to the Solid South and the border states, they said, it would need only eighty additional electoral votes from the Northern and Western states to win in November. One militant Dixiecrat also explained that if three more Southern states had bolted in 1948, the election would have been thrown into the House of Representatives. "You can be damned sure we would have gotten what we wanted if that had happened," he finished.

Throw Me Out

There was something infuriating, yet at the same time pathetic, about such Dixiecrats, who came to the Convention happily anticipating hostility and even hoping that they might stir up enough wrath to be expelled.

"I would consider it an honor to be thrown out of this Convention," Leander Perez, one of the better-known Dixiecrats from the bayou country of Louisiana, told me one afternoon at the conclusion of a Louisiana caucus. "It would be like being ejected from the worst part of the slaughter yard." An old man sitting across the table pricked up his ears. "That's telling 'em," he chuckled. "Leander, you're good." The short and cocky Perez found such imprecations, freely uttered to the press, a way of assuaging his frustration. There was also James Byrnes, old and gaunt and uncompromising, trying perhaps to forget that in the halcyon days of the 1930's he had been known as "the great compromiser" because of his skill in pushing New Deal legislation through a reluctant Congress. And there was Harry

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Byrd, who, even though his Senate seat has recently been resecured, is probably aware that he no longer represents anything significant in the South.

What the liberal wing of the party refused to believe was that these extremists were caged and helpless unless the liberals themselves set them free. It was the moderates of the South who had trapped them, especially Senator Richard Russell, the South's candidate for the Democratic nomination. In making his withdrawal statement Russell said, "I yield to no man in the sincerity of the work which I have done to keep the party unified." And he was right; by pulling into his ranks men ranging in political conviction from Senator Lister Hill of Alabama to Governor Herman Talmadge of Georgia, Russell frustrated every scheme of the Southern divisionists to take the South out of the Democratic Party for good. They had to stay at the Convention to cast their ballots for Russell or be eternally discredited back home. When they had done that, it was too late to leave.

Reluctant Albatrosses

One had only to sample the atmosphere around Russell headquarters to know how galling to the Dixiecrats was the loyalty that Russell, rather than the liberals, was imposing. A campaign assistant summed it up in one glorious burst of metaphor: "Never did a man try to drag himself toward the Presidential nomination with more albatrosses hanging around his neck, their heels dug in, resisting every inch of the way!" That Russell was able to advance as far as he did toward becoming a national and not a regional candidate was surprising.

It was around the little band of trapped rebels that the liberals chose to range their forces with great war whoops.

Then, one bloody evening, the liberals marched their troops up the hill to battle, only to be driven back in headlong retreat. Throughout the long night they nursed their wounds and counted their enemies. Truman, their revered leader, had ignored them; Stevenson, once counted among their elect, they feared had joined the forces against them. For a brief time, they considered forfeiting any hope of success to their lust for revenge. Then cooler heads prevailed.

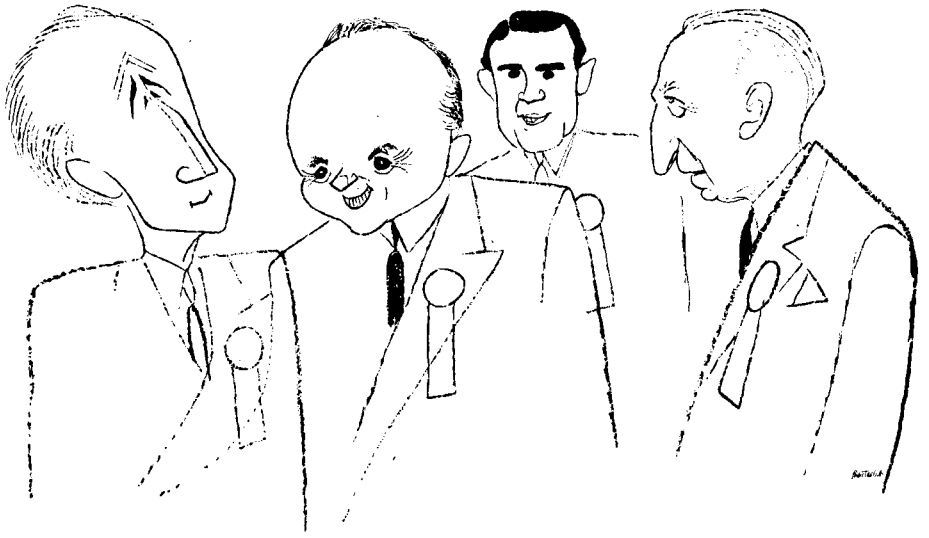
Part of the trouble lay in the fact that there was too little planning or leadership among the liberals. During the months prior to the Convention, a great deal of attention had been paid to strengthening the civil-rights plank of the party's platform. But what, if anything, should be done to quell any new tendencies toward a Dixiecrat movement had somehow been pretty much ignored.

There was a good case to be made not so much for punishing as for remedying a growing intransigence in certain Southern states. In Mississippi and South Carolina, for example, the state party organizations had worked out a slick system to make bolting into a routine: They recessed the state conventions until after the national Convention so as to find out who the candidates would be. This, as Senator Russell Long of Louisiana argued, was going a great deal too far toward isolating the state parties from any responsibility to the national party. Some loyal Democrats in the South had been fighting to prevent the disintegration of party bonds. In Alabama, they had carried the fight to the courts. In the case of Ray vs. Blair, the U.S. Supreme Court upheld the requirement that every candidate for office, including delegates and electors, take an oath of loyalty to support the party ticket in November. It was the job of the national Convention to hit upon some method of abetting the work of the loyal Democrats in the South without imposing restrictions so binding that they might inspire the very rebellion that they sought to prevent.

The Children's Crusade

But when Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., decided to assume leadership in the fight for a rules change, even those who agreed with him realized that he was inadequately prepared for the task. His initial proposal advanced the idea that "loyalty" should be pledged by *all* the delegations, not only for themselves but for their state organizations back home. The proposer was a campaign manager for one of the Presidential candidates. His statement, issued on Saturday before the Convention began, strongly implied that party loyalty was inseparable from loyalty to the policies of the Fair Deal. To those with memories of the battle for a rules change conducted by Eisenhower supporters just two weeks before, Roosevelt's statement looked like a second attempt to advance a candidate in the guise of a crusade. Only this time "loyalty" would be the watchword, instead of "morality."

But the fighters for a change in the rules were not dealing with the Guy Gabrielsons and the Clarence Browns of the Republican Convention. The pros of the Democratic Convention, like Paul Dever and Frank McKinney and Sam Rayburn, had determined that such a rules change would not be used to advance the cause of any candidate or coalition of candidates; and that if they could help it, no properly accredited delegation would be thrown



Byrnes, Byrd, Shivers, and George

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out of the 1952 Convention by a rule of which no prior notice had been given. Despite rumors to the contrary, it seems clear that President Truman backed them all the way on this.

Unlike Gabrielson, McKinney postponed the showdown from the first session until that evening so that the Convention might at least open in a spirit of harmony. And when the time for voting came, despite the succession of spluttering Southerners who had risen to protest bitterly, Temporary Chairman Dever gaveled the rules change through on a voice vote. There had been no dreaded roll call to record the division in the Democratic ranks.

By early the next morning, the forces for compromise were at work. Senator Lister Hill, who has managed to remain in Congress since 1923 by means of his skill in reconciling the apparently irreconcilable, got a phone call through to President Truman—something few other Convention delegates had been able to do. By evening, the proviso exempting delegates bound by local regulations had been worked out.

The Willing Martyrs

At this stage the liberals could rightly claim that they had made their point. The loyalty resolution still served as a deterrent to any Southern bolt in November; its main impact, of course, would not be felt until the 1956 Convention. Forty-five state delegations, plus those from the territories, had made the required assurances. Only three—Virginia, South Carolina, and Louisiana—were holding out, and the other Southerners were outspokenly angry at these recalcitrants. The only thing that could have helped them would have been expulsion, since that would have crystallized all dormant Dixiecrat sentiment in the South. Therefore, it was inevitable that some move to seat them would be made.

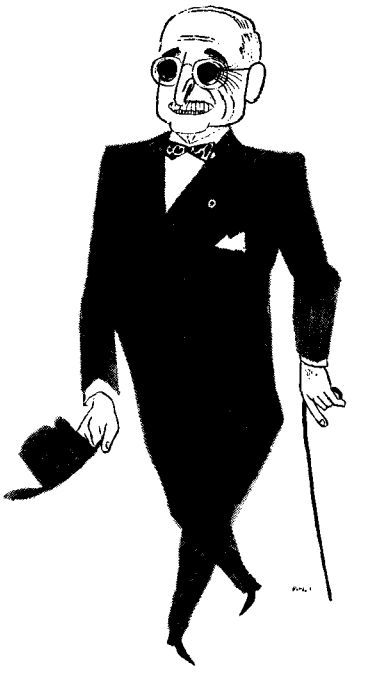
John J. Sparkman

But when Congressman Lansdale Sasscer of Maryland offered his motion to seat Virginia, the liberals were clearly unprepared. And in that critical moment of the Convention, they reacted with a hysteria that weakened all their claims to political astuteness. That Thursday evening, an estimated thirty-two million viewers witnessed a dismal spectacle: Senator Paul Douglas barking hoarsely at Permanent Chairman Sam Rayburn; Governor Mennen Williams belligerently waving the Michigan standard in Rayburn's face; Congressman Roosevelt bellowing defiance as if every basic principle in the book were being violated.

In point of fact, the situation hardly contained the sinister implications that these men pretended. When the vote on whether to seat Virginia began, Senators Sparkman and Hill hurried over to talk to both Williams of Michigan and Jacob Arvey of Illinois, explaining that to expel Virginia would solidify the South in a way that everyone wanted to avoid. Arvey understood, and immediately gave word to switch the Illinois delegation; Williams didn't.

When the session was finally adjourned, the weary band of liberals gathered for a caucus at the Congress Hotel at 3:30 A.M. Because of Arvey's decision, rumors of a Stevenson-Dixiecrat alliance were heard. Joseph Rauh, a former A.D.A. official and now a District of Columbia delegate, opened the meeting by hinting darkly that James Farley was at work and that the implications were grim: The Dixiecrats were back, unrepentant. A compromise now and then was fine, he argued, but compromise after compromise was pretty close to rape. We don't want to make this a candidate meeting, but there is nothing left to do. Where do we go from here?

Roosevelt had lost his usual equanimity and stated openly what Rauh was hinting at. "I'll outlast Sam Rayburn if it's the last standard I wave," he promised the crowd that had gathered. "We won a great victory, which was gaveled away from us, but in 1956 . . .



"If the candidate from Illinois is nominated by a coalition like this . . ." he thundered, then paused uncertainly. "Question mark!"

The Liberals Decide

When the public meeting broke up, there was a private session of the various Harriman and Kefauver managers with representatives from labor and liberal organizations. It lasted until far past dawn. Counselors of moderation, including Senator Hubert Humphrey and Walter Reuther of the CIO Auto Workers, talked long and hard. Before they were through, the first wild urge to fling Stevenson into the camp of the Dixiecrats had abated. But it was not until late in the day that it became clear that the liberals would swing to Stevenson in time to share the credit.

A combination of factors contributed to the party harmony finally achieved in Chicago. High among these were the roles played by the men of good will, from Russell, Hill, and Sparkman to Humphrey, Lehman, and William L. Dawson, Negro Congressman from Illinois, who genuinely worked to achieve a satisfactory compromise. There was an equally important role played by Harriman, the candidate who never lost his sense of perspective and who was willing to yield gracefully at the strategic moment, and by Stevenson, whose very absence from the fight made his candidacy the more acceptable to all.

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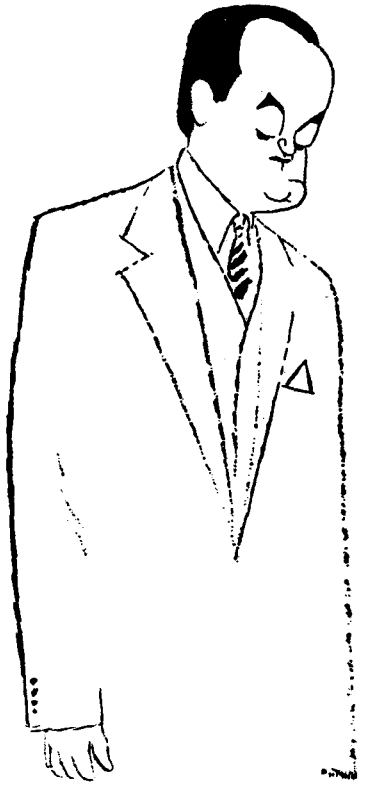

Hubert Humphrey

A Delegate's-Eye View Of the Convention

WILLIAM S. FAIRFIELD

LATE in the afternoon of Sunday July 20, a tall, serious man with pink-tinted rimless glasses and a prominent nose got off a train in Chicago. He expected no reception, but he couldn't help feeling somewhat important. At the Democratic National Convention which was to start the next day, he held one of 1,230 votes. He had not yet decided how to vote.

His name was Thomas Champlin. He was thirty-six years old, a lawyer, and the highest political office he had ever held was that of precinct captain in his native Lake Crystal, in Blue Earth County, Minnesota. He had plenty of friends, however, and in the preferential primary they had selected him as a delegate pledged initially to Minnesota's favorite son, Senator Hubert H. Humphrey.

After checking in at the Hotel Bismarck and eating supper, he went to the delegation's first caucus. The room was already jammed when Champlin arrived, and he had to stand. He watched stolidly as Senator Humphrey delivered a short pep talk. Humphrey said that Averell Harriman and Estes Kefauver were both good men (he didn't mention Adlai Stevenson), but added that he thought the delegation ought to stick together with its favorite son until it saw where it could go.

Orville Freeman, the Democratic candidate for Governor of Minnesota, was elected chairman of the delegation because of the general feeling that appearing on television would help his chances in November. At this point there was a flurry of activity in the hallway, and someone burst in to announce the arrival of Senator Kefauver. Champlin joined in the applause for Kefauver as he entered. After greeting Orville Freeman as "Irv," Kefauver said that he hoped Minnesota would cast its votes for him on a later ballot, and he promised to go forward on civil rights. Shortly after he left, at midnight, the caucus broke up.

Champlin arose shortly before ten Monday morning and got to the Convention Hall just in time to hear Adlai Stevenson's welcoming address. He had met Harriman, Kefauver, and Kerr on their various trips to Minnesota, but he had never so much as seen Stevenson. When Stevenson, referring to the Republican Convention, said, "For almost a week pompous phrases marched over this landscape in search of an idea," Champlin grinned.

The Convention adjourned at two-thirty and Champlin decided to visit some of the campaign headquarters.

At the Conrad Hilton, Champlin fought his way through the crowd, waited patiently for an elevator, and then got off at Russell headquarters on the ninth floor. He informed the receptionist that he was an uncommitted delegate. He was quickly ushered into a private room where two Indiana delegates were waiting with a Russell official. "Did you hear Stevenson's speech?" Champlin asked. The Russell official said "No." "You missed something." The Russell official looked nervously at the two Indiana delegates.

A short man wearing a blue jacket, a purple tie, and a yellow shirt came in and introduced himself as Mr. Tagawa, a delegate from Hawaii. "Did you hear Stevenson talk?" Champlin asked. Mr. Tagawa nodded vigorously and said, "It was a very good speech." The Russell official interrupted to say that Senator Russell wouldn't be available for a few more minutes, and Champlin decided to leave.

The next stop was at Stevenson's unofficial headquarters. "How do you people stand on seating the Maverick delegation from Texas?" he asked a man wearing a Stevenson button.

"We think the regular Texas delegation should be seated."

"Is Stevenson for FEPC?"

"Well, we're against making job discrimination a legal offense," said a second man, apparently unaware that Stevenson had tried to get compulsory FEPC through his state legislature.

Champlin shook hands all around, and left. "Boy, are they green!" he remarked in the elevator. "They should at least know that Humphrey stands for civil rights all the way. The trouble with them is they say what they think, not what a delegate wants to hear."

Kerr headquarters, three floors up, was less harried. A bald man, alone and weary, stood in the reception room. Everybody else, Champlin was informed, was out to supper.

Remember the TV Cameras

When Governor Paul Dever of Massachusetts took the platform to deliver the keynote address that evening in the Amphitheatre, Champlin laid down his newspaper, but returned to it before long. The paper talked of a Stevenson landslide, to be engineered by Jack Arvey and the Dixiecrats.

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When Dever's speech was finished, some ninety minutes later, the fight over the loyalty oath began. Franklin Roosevelt, Jr., made an impassioned speech in support of the oath. Champlin was disappointed. "He's so fierce. Doesn't sound a bit like his old man."

Minnesota's second caucus was scheduled for ten o'clock Tuesday morning at the Bismarck. The reason for the meeting, it turned out, was that Eugenie Anderson, Ambassador to Denmark and Minnesota's gift to diplomacy, was going to address the Convention that afternoon. Orville Freeman gave the instructions: "Eugenie is going to speak today and will probably say something about being glad to see her old Minnesota friends. [Actually, she only waved.] We've got to stand up and cheer. Remember, the TV cameras will be on us." Champlin cheered lustily that afternoon.

The next morning Champlin jumped into a cab for the Amphitheatre and found himself in the company of three rabid Kefauver supporters from Wisconsin. "Go ahead, vote for Jack Arvey," one said. "Stevenson couldn't carry Chicago," another put in. "We ate horse meat last night," said the third.

Half an hour later, walking to his seat in the hall, Champlin spotted Jim Farley talking to the North Carolina delegation. He heard Farley say, "Humphrey and his boys are just playing this civil rights for home consumption. They'd just as soon wreck the party."

After adjournment Wednesday afternoon, Champlin went over to Humphrey's headquarters in the Conrad Hilton. To his surprise, he was welcomed into a hastily called conference of representatives of six Midwestern states. In an hour, the bloc had agreed to stick together against seating delegations that refused to sign the loyalty oath, had appointed liaison men, and had fixed on Orville Freeman to be the spokesman. After the meeting Congressman Eugene McCarthy, of Minnesota ate supper with Champlin. "I think the South has misinterpreted Stevenson as a conservative," he said. "Maybe it's like F.D.R., who got the South in 1932."

The evening session on Wednesday, of course, was all Alben Barkley's. When the Vice President had finished his eloquent speech, Champlin clapped and shouted until he was very hoarse.

At midnight, a copy of the new platform was passed around. Representative Adam Clayton Powell of New York came over and accused Humphrey of a sellout on compulsory FEPC. Most of the delegates around Champlin did not know that Powell was a Congressional leader in the civil-rights fight, or even that he was a Negro.

After the platform had been accepted by a voice vote, Champlin got a ride downtown with state chairman Karl Rolvaag and his wife. They stopped off at a cocktail lounge and talked things over. Rolvaag admitted that he was undecided on his candidate, and Champlin said, "I'm sure glad to find I'm not alone."

Arvey Goes Soft

Just after noon on Thursday the nominations began. The Kefauver nomination was the second one, and Champlin stood on a chair next to the center aisle during the demonstration, studying the faces of the participants. When the Stevenson demonstration began, alternate Peter Popovich, a strong Kefauver man, complained bitterly, "The Chicago newspapers are trying to run this Convention. All you get is Stevenson, Stevenson, Stevenson."

During the vote that evening on the seating of the Virginia delegation, Champlin kept score on the back of an envelope, and raised his fists in triumph when his figures showed that the motion had been defeated. A radio man came along to say he'd heard Arvey was "going soft" and that Illinois was switching its vote to support the Southerners. "We better elect Kefauver, sure as hell," Champlin told his fellow delegates. They agreed angrily.

Champlin's arm was grabbed by a man he had met at the six-state conference the previous afternoon. "North Dakota's chairman is sick and they're threatening to break and vote 'No' on adjournment," the man said. "Get over there and see what you can do." The motion to adjourn was going to be made by Senator Paul Douglas to give the liberal forces time to regroup.

Champlin went over to the North Dakota standard and found a woman in charge of the delegation. That's right, she said testily, North Dakota was voting "No." Why? "Because we've got train reservations out of here tomorrow, and we're not going to miss that train." Douglas's effort failed but the Convention soon recessed anyway.

Someone told Champlin that there was to be a meeting of the liberal forces in the Lincoln Room of the Hotel Congress in one hour. He boarded a Convention bus and arrived at the Lincoln Room at 3:40 A.M. A man hurried by shouting, "This is an A.D.A. room! They can't come in here. It's a stop-Stevenson movement. Let them go across the hall. A.D.A. must be disassociated from all this."

Within ten minutes the room across the hall was jammed. Humphrey arrived and got a big ovation. "I'm not going to engage in a 'stop' campaign against any man," he said. "This is fantastic. Here we are, the liberals, with two-thirds of the votes. And we're being beaten by a small, well-organized, power-mad minority. That minority is

Averell Harriman

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using the good name of one of the three liberal candidates. A little minority controls while the liberals split over three candidates. From now on, let's not deal in personalities. Let's not attack people. Let's say: We're not opposed to your candidate, but we are opposed to those who are *using* him."

The Farm Vote

Champlin got up at ten Friday morning, stuffed down his breakfast, and rushed off to the Amphitheatre at 11:15. Karl Rolvaag came over and said that Tom Flinn was now a full-fledged delegate instead of an alternate. Milan Bonniwell, for whom Flinn had been assigned as alternate, had left the day before. His crops had ripened and he had to leave for the harvest.

On the first ballot, Minnesota cast its twenty-six votes for Hubert Humphrey. Then it went into caucus again. The previous night, Humphrey told the delegates, the liberal leaders had begun counting votes. When they had finished, they decided that even if the Kefauver and Harriman forces could agree on a candidate, they still didn't have the power to win—because many liberals would stick by Stevenson.

The liberal leaders had therefore appointed Governor G. Mennen Williams of Michigan and himself, Humphrey said, to feel out Stevenson. They had telephoned him in the early morning. Stevenson had said he would accept the nomination and would give full support to the liberal platform. He had also stated flatly he was not being taken in by the South.

The delegation gave Humphrey a vote of appreciation, and decided to let each delegate vote according to his personal choice on the second ballot.

That evening, during the third and final ballot, Humphrey appeared and said, "Michigan is going to go. I think we ought to follow." Most of the delegates nodded. Harriman and Dever had already thrown in for Stevenson.

At nine-thirty Humphrey passed a note back to the delegation: "Kefauver is coming out for Stevenson. Let's go."

At ten-fourteen, Humphrey returned to the delegation. "Estes has asked that we stick by him. If Stevenson doesn't quite go over the top, his withdrawal will still mean something, to the liberal cause as well as to himself."

"Let's just pass," someone suggested. "No," said Champlin. "We'll look like Stassen opportunists."

"Let's split it, thirteen to thirteen, and indicate who we want for Vice-President," someone suggested, and everybody quickly agreed.

When it was all over, Stevenson had won despite Minnesota's thirteen votes for Kefauver. Champlin cheered for Stevenson and then went back to the hotel for his first solid night of rest since he had arrived in Chicago to nominate a Democratic candidate for President of the United States.

McCarthyism: How It All Began

MILLARD E. TYDINGS

"AND EVEN IF there were only one Communist in the State Department," Senator Joseph McCarthy of Wisconsin told the Republican Convention last month, "that would be one Communist too many." He paused to receive the applause that was sure to follow. McCarthy had come a long way since he first began what he has called "the fight for America," and he was enjoying the approval of his audience.

I myself was rather surprised to hear the man whose estimates of Communists in the State Department have run as high as 205 come forth with the unarguable proposition that even one would be too many. McCarthy has not always been so moderate.

McCarthy launched his "fight for America" on February 9, 1950, when he addressed a women's Republican club at the McLure Hotel in Wheeling, West Virginia. The next morning extensive excerpts from McCarthy's speech were published in the Wheeling *Intelligencer* under the byline of Frank Desmond, a reporter who covered the event. The particular paragraph that shocked the nation read as follows:

> While I cannot take the time to name all of the men in the State Department who have been named as members of the Communist Party and members of a spy ring, I have here in my hand a list of 205 that were known to the Secretary of State as being members of the Communist Party and who, nevertheless, are still working and shaping the policy in the State Department.*

McCarthy's timing for this sensational charge was excellent. The conviction of Alger Hiss on January 21, less than three weeks before, had brought the State Department under acute suspicion. And now a United States Senator was clearly implying that the State Department was full of Hisses. Surely a Senator would not make such a startling charge unless he had the facts to back it up.

The nation was shocked, and Congress promptly demanded an investigation. To make the investigation, the Senate set up a committee consisting of two Republicans (Bourke Hickenlooper of Iowa and Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., of Massachusetts) and three Democrats (Theodore Green of Rhode Island, the late Brien McMahon of Connecticut, and myself, then senior Senator from Maryland, as chairman). The Senate instructed us to find out "whether persons who are disloyal to the

*All documents quoted in this article are on file and available to qualified persons.

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United States are, or have been, employed by the Department of State."

What McCarthy Heard

A sharp conflict soon developed between what McCarthy claimed he said at Wheeling and what those who heard him speak say he actually said. McCarthy began changing both the number of those he accused and the transgressions of which he was accusing them. On February 20, 1950, in response to repeated questioning by members of the Senate, McCarthy put into the Congressional Record his version of what he had said at Wheeling:

> I have in my hand 57 cases of individuals who would appear to be either card-carrying members or certainly loyal to the Communist Party, but who nevertheless are still helping to shape our foreign policy.

Two hundred and five Communists, it will be noticed, had been transformed into fifty-seven individuals who would appear to be loyal to the Communist Party. On April 21, 1950, McCarthy appeared on "Meet the Press," a television and radio program, and Mrs. May Craig of the Portland, Maine, *Press-Herald* asked him if he had said in the Wheeling speech that there were 205 card-carrying Communists in the State Department and that Secretary Acheson knew it. McCarthy's answer was a flat "No."

On April 24, 1950, McCarthy testified under oath before the Senate investigating committee. At this hearing, I asked McCarthy point-blank whether or not he had said in his Wheeling speech that he had in his hand "a list of 205 that were known to the Secretary of State as being members of the Communist Party." Again, McCarthy's answer was "No." He explained that he had dealt only with what he called "security risks."

What the Others Heard

I then wrote a letter to the Wheeling *Intelligencer,* a prominent Republican newspaper of West Virginia, and requested that Mr. Desmond be asked if he could have made any mistake in reporting McCarthy's speech. Austin V. Wood, editor of the *Intelligencer* answered my question in these words:

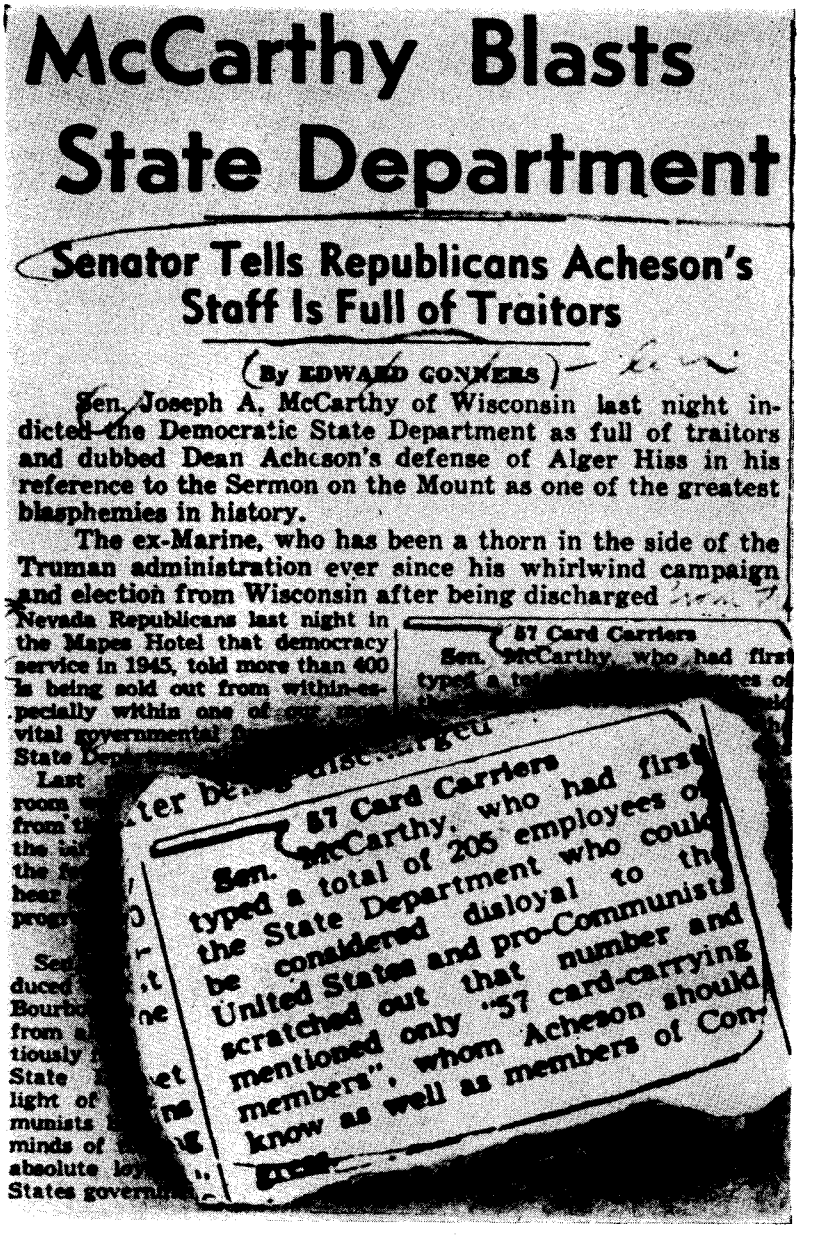
> I have today talked with Mr. Frank Desmond, the reporter who wrote the story in question. He tells me there can be no doubt that Senator McCarthy did use the figure "205" in referring to his list of men in the State Department who have been named as members of the Communist Party, and members of a spy ring.
>
> We, of course, have no knowledge as to the accuracy of the figure. As I have stated above we are only interested in the fact that our reporting was accurate.

The committee of which I was chairman sent investigators to Radio Station WWVA in Wheeling, which had broadcast McCarthy's speech. Its officials were requested to state precisely and under oath just what McCarthy had said. The investigators brought back two sworn statements from officials of the station. James K. Whitaker, the news editor, stated:

> I was in charge of the tape recording of Senator Joseph McCarthy's speech at the Hotel McLure, Wheeling, West Va., on February 9, 1950. At the hotel I followed the prepared script as I listened to the speech. I certify that the delivered speech, as recorded by me, and on that evening broadcast by the station WWVA was in the same form as the attached photostat of the prepared script—with the exception of the usually added connective phrases and the addition or deletion of such words as "and"s and "the"s, which to my thinking did not materially change the meaning of the text.

Paul A. Myers, the station's program director, was equally explicit:

> I read the attached 13-page speech


McCarthy Blasts State Department

Senator Tells Republicans Acheson's Staff Is Full of Traitors

(By EDWARD CONNERS)

Sen. Joseph A. McCarthy of Wisconsin last night indicted the Democratic State Department as full of traitors and dubbed Dean Acheson's defense of Alger Hiss in his reference to the Sermon on the Mount as one of the greatest blasphemies in history.

The ex-Marine, who has been a thorn in the side of the Truman administration ever since his whirlwind campaign and election from Wisconsin after being discharged

Nevada Republicans last night in the Mapes Hotel that democracy service in 1945, told more than 400 is being sold out from within—especially within one of

57 Card Carriers

Sen. McCarthy, who had first typed a total of 205 employees of the State Department who could be considered disloyal to the United States and pro-Communist scratched out that number and mentioned only "57 card-carrying members", whom Acheson should know as well as members of Con-

The speech was revised when McCarthy got to Reno

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script before it was delivered by Senator Joseph McCarthy on February 9, 1950. I reviewed our tape recording of the delivered speech before WWVA broadcast it on that same evening and again reviewed it, against the script, on the following day. I certify that the tape recording was the same as the attached script with the exception of interpolations and connective words such as "a"s, and "and"s and "the"s, which to my way of thinking did not materially change the meaning of the text.

Attached to each sworn statement was a photographic script of McCarthy's speech initialed on each page by both Mr. Myers and Mr. Whitaker. The scripts attached to each of the affidavits contained the following paragraph:

And ladies and gentlemen, while I cannot take the time to name all the men in the State Department who have been named as active members of the Communist party and members of a spy ring, I have here in my hand a list of 205 . . . a list of names that were made known to the Secretary of State as being members of the Communist Party and who nevertheless are still working and shaping policy in the State Department.

McCarthy, Meet McCarthy

The day after his speech in Wheeling, McCarthy appeared in Salt Lake City to carry on his "fight for America." He was interviewed there by a local radio personality named Dan Valentine. As McCarthy spoke, his words were recorded, and the record was subsequently mailed to me as chairman of the investigating committee.

On this record McCarthy's own voice testifies against him. The interview went, in part, as follows:

McCarthy: Last night I discussed the Communists in the State Department. I stated that I had the names of fifty-seven card-carrying members of the Communist Party . . . Now, I want to tell the Secretary this: If he wants to call me tonight at the Utah Hotel, I will be glad to give him the names of those fifty-seven card-carrying Communists . . .

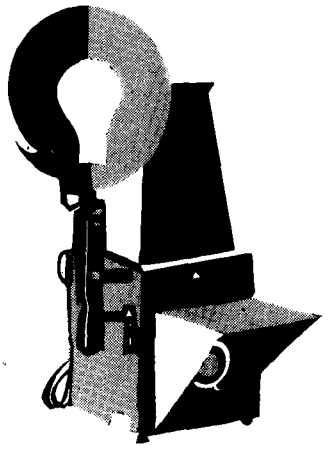
Valentine: In other words, Senator, if Secretary of State Dean Acheson would call you at the Hotel Utah tonight in Salt Lake City you could give him fifty-seven names of actual card-carrying Communists in the State Department of the United States—actual card-carrying Communists.

McCarthy: Not only can, Dan, but will . . .

Valentine: Well, I am just a common man out here in Salt Lake City, a man who's got a family and a son and a job. You mean to say there's fifty-seven Communists in our State Department that direct or control our State Department policy or help direct it?

McCarthy: Well, Dan, I don't want to indicate there are only fifty-seven, I say I have the names of fifty-seven.

The number of offenders was considerably reduced, but McCarthy himself admitted the day after his speech in Wheeling that he had been talking about "Communists in the State Department," and not about "security risks," or individuals who would appear to be one variety of subversive or another. McCarthy thus found himself in disagreement not only with the people who heard him but also with the recording of his own voice.



But this was not the end. From Salt Lake City McCarthy went on to Reno, where he again addressed a Republican audience. His remarks in Reno were reported by Edward Conners on the front page of the *Nevada State Journal*. Mr. Conners, like the radio-station officials in Wheeling, refers not only to what he himself heard but also to copies of McCarthy's speech which were apparently made available to the press.

Under the subhead "57 Card Carriers," Mr. Conners wrote:

Sen. McCarthy, who had first typed a total of 205 employees of the State Department who could be considered disloyal to the United States and pro-Communists scratched out that number and mentioned only "57 card-carrying members," whom Acheson should know as well as members of Congress.

Obviously, somewhere along the line somebody is not telling the truth. Senator William Benton of Connecticut, who has moved that his colleague from Wisconsin be expelled from the Senate and who has, in turn, been sued for libel and slander by McCarthy, has urged further investigation of the discrepancies. The Senate has been quick to provide evidence of perjury before any of its committees in all other cases. But so far, the Senate has not brought this matter to the attention of the courts for prosecution of whoever may be guilty of perjury.

A Dialogue

The Senate investigating committee of which I was chairman held its first meeting on March 8, 1950. We invited McCarthy to come before us at that time and present his charges. The following colloquy between McCarthy and me took place on that occasion:

Tydings [to McCarthy]: You are making charges—

McCarthy: I am not making charges. I am giving the Committee information of individuals who appear to all the rules of common sense as being very bad security risks. . . .

Tydings: You have left the Committee in a rather embarrassing position, because the resolution which brings us here and which brings you here reads as follows:

"In the conduct of this study and investigation, the committee is directed to procure by subpena and examine the complete loyalty and employment files and records of all Government employees in the Department of State and other agencies against whom charges have been heard."

Without somebody makes a charge, or you call it a charge, what do we do then? How do we get the records? We are only authorized to get them, by the Senate language, if you or somebody makes a charge. You say you are not making any charge. We are in a pretty small position to issue a subpena.

McCarthy: Senator, let me say this. If there is anything you want me to do to make it possible for you to get those subpenas, I will do it. I am not in a position to file any formal charges. What you mean by a charge I do not know. If you want me to charge that from the evidence it appears that this woman is an extremely bad security risk, that she should not be in the State Department one hour, I will be glad to say that.

Now, a "security risk," by definition and practice, is not necessarily a subversive individual. Security risks are those who are habitually indiscreet, who talk too much about secret government business, who drink heavily,

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who frequent undesirable places, or who are sexually aberrant.

Thus McCarthy's first-day testimony before the Senate Committee was a far cry from the flamboyant and sensational charges he had made in Wheeling, Salt Lake City, and Reno.

Here is another sample of McCarthy's testimony during the hearings of the Senate investigating committee:

> Can I give him [Chairman Tydings] the name of the State Department official mentioned in the secret files in that case [Case No. 2], and am I making any charge against that official? The answer is no. The committee can make such charge against this or any other individual in this case or any other case as it sees fit. That is the task delegated to the committee by the Senate. Only those whom I name am I charging as bad security risks. However, the committee undoubtedly will find many whom it desires to charge in like manner.
>
> If the chairman, now that he has the name of case No. 14, desires the name of the particular State Department official whom he referred to yesterday, I can tell him how to obtain it in a very simple and easy manner. That is by subpenaing the files. However, to get the complete story in this case, it will be necessary to get not merely the State Department's—and this is important, Mr. Chairman—loose-leaf loyalty and personnel files, the two files of the State Department, but also the files of the Civil Service Commission and the FBI. . . .

This was a very neat dodge. Instead of making good on his grandiose promises to incriminate the State Department, McCarthy cleverly shifted the burden of proof from himself to the files of the State Department.

Blame It on Harry

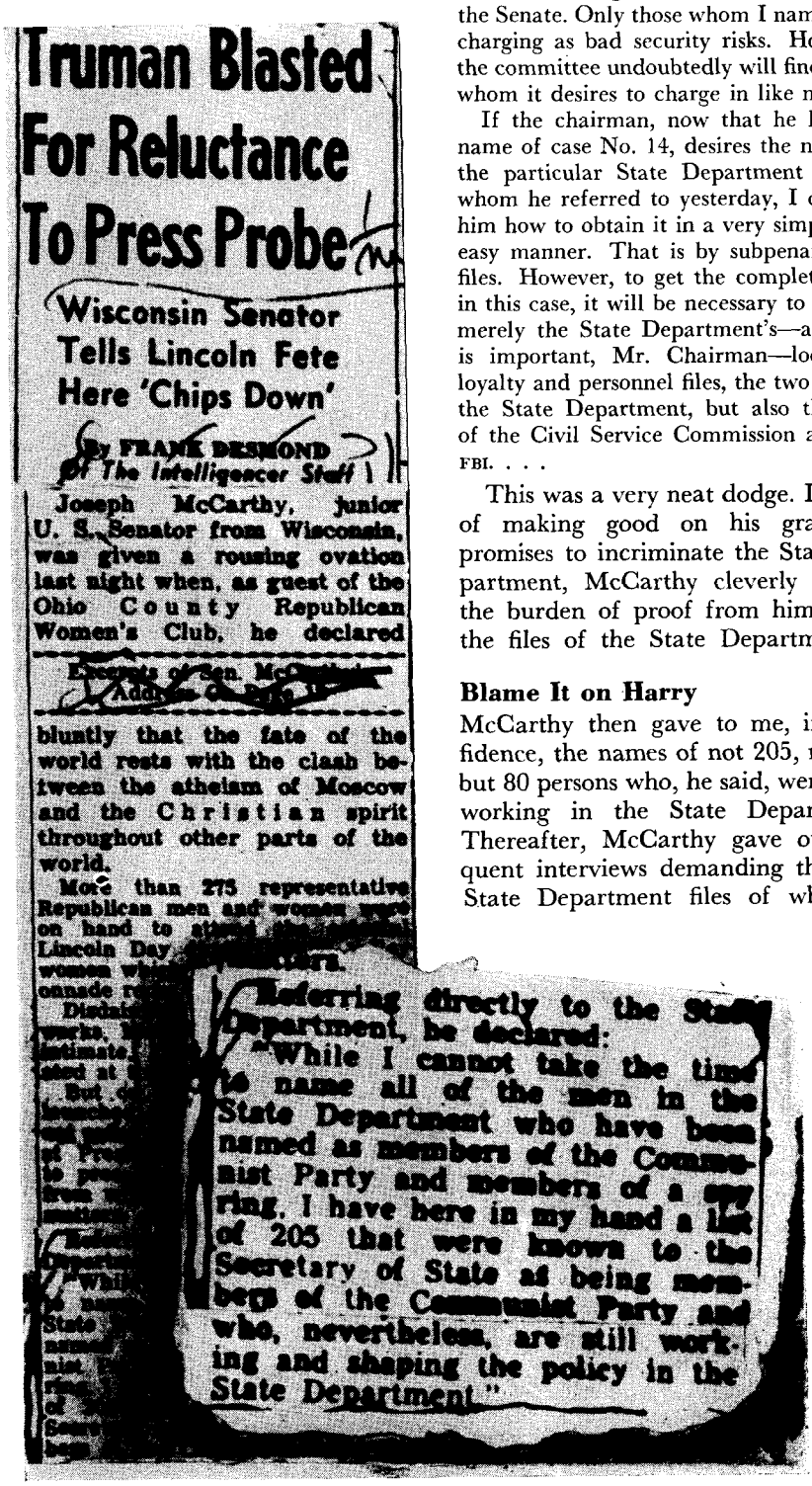
McCarthy then gave to me, in confidence, the names of not 205, not 57, but 80 persons who, he said, were then working in the State Department. Thereafter, McCarthy gave out frequent interviews demanding that the State Department files of what he called these 81 persons (there were only 80 names on the list) be turned over to the committee.

Now it so happens that in the several years following the close of the Second World War no less than four Congressional committees had been given access to the confidential files of the State Department. Some time before McCarthy made his charges, President Truman by executive order had discontinued the practice of making these confidential files available to Congressional committees. At that time the President said he was taking such action because too often when these files were turned over to Congressional committees they were not used for the purpose of formulating constructive legislation or obtaining information for Congressional action.

McCarthy seized upon the President's order, demanding repeatedly to know why, if his charges were not true, the President refused to turn the files over to the committee for investigation. This line sounded plausible. It put the President in a hole. So long as the President refused to turn over the files, McCarthy had an out. By this ruse, McCarthy was no longer required to produce evidence to support his charges; the President was expected to prove them for McCarthy.

I called on the President and requested him to turn over the appropriate State Department files for examination. "Congress already had access to these files," I said, "before your order restricting their use was issued. Four committees of the Republican Eightieth Congress had access to them. In view of this, you should make an exception to your order, and let the present committee have them again." The President accepted my view, and the files, assembled on a large table under guard, were turned over to the committee.

We then began the laborious job of reading through each of these thick, heavy files. They were filled with a variety of information. It consisted in large part of the testimony of persons, as many as thirty in a single case, who had been interviewed by FBI agents. Most of the evidence was opinion. The person interviewed by the FBI would state whether he knew or merely thought that the subject of the investigation was a Communist, what he knew of the subject's back-


Truman Blasted For Reluctance To Press Probe

Wisconsin Senator Tells Lincoln Fete Here 'Chips Down'

By FRANK DESMOND
Of The Intelligencer Staff

Joseph McCarthy, junior U. S. Senator from Wisconsin, was given a rousing ovation last night when, as guest of the Ohio County Republican Women's Club, he declared

bluntly that the fate of the world rests with the clash between the atheism of Moscow and the Christian spirit throughout other parts of the world.

More than 275 representative Republican men and women

Lincoln Day

Referring directly to the State Department, he declared:

"While I cannot take the time to name all of the men in the State Department who have been named as members of the Communist Party and members of a spy ring, I have here in my hand a list of 205 that were known to the Secretary of State as being members of the Communist Party and who, nevertheless, are still working and shaping the policy in the State Department."

The reporter heard it this way, but McCarthy had another version

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ground, what his habits were, and what his political affiliation was.

In no single instance was there an affirmative statement of proof that any of the alleged employees of the State Department was a Communist. McCarthy was not through, however. Word leaked out that the committee had not found in the files the proof that McCarthy had said would be there. With his usual ingenuity, McCarthy gave out a press statement to the effect that the files had been "raped and rifled," that the FBI material had been taken from them.

I asked the FBI to check over the files which we had examined in order to ascertain whether they had actually been tampered with. *In due time, J. Edgar Hoover informed me that "the State Department files were intact."*

This much is clear: Five Senators, including two Republicans, had access to the complete files which McCarthy had said would prove his case, and not one of the Senators found any evidence to prove McCarthy's allegations.

Warmed-Over Biscuits

Just what was McCarthy relying on when he made his sensational speeches in Wheeling, Salt Lake City, and Reno? Did he have anything new? Judge for yourself after considering these facts.

When the investigating committee finally got McCarthy's list of "eighty-one names" we found that we were being asked to look again into the same cases that had already been investigated by four separate committees of the Republican-controlled Eightieth Congress in 1947 and 1948. I asked the State Department to send me a list of persons employed there at one time or another whose files had previously been examined by Congressional committees. The names on this list were then compared by members of the committee and its staff with the names on McCarthy's list. This comparison of the two lists was the tip-off that McCarthy had served us up a batch of warmed-over biscuits.

Indeed, thirty-three of the people on McCarthy's list of eighty-one cases (but only eighty names) had been out of the State Department for one, two, and even three years. (In Wheeling McCarthy had said: ". . . [they] are still working and shaping the policy in the State Department.") We found that seven on his list had never been employees of the State Department. As to the rest, it was found that their files had previously been made available for examination to the four separate Congressional committees mentioned above.

The first of these investigations was made by a subcommittee of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs. This subcommittee consisted of one man, Congressman Bartel Jonkman, a Republican from Michigan. At the conclusion of his examination of the files, Congressman Jonkman stated on the floor of the House of Representatives:

> But before the Eightieth Congress adjourns, I want the members to know that there is one department in which the known or reasonably suspected subversives, Communists, fellow travelers, sympathizers, and persons whose services are not for the best interests of the United States, have been swept out. That is the Department of State.

For some reason, Senator McCarthy has not, to my knowledge, accused Congressman Jonkman of conducting a "whitewash" of the State Department. Nor had the other three Republican-dominated committees found any Communists in the files that my colleagues and I were to examine in 1950.

Reward Offered

I offered a reward of $25,000 to McCarthy, to his friend Fulton Lewis, Jr., or to anyone else who would prove that there were either "205 Communists" or "57 card-carrying Communists" in the State Department.

Congressional committees have no authority to convict anyone of a crime. On the other hand, a grand jury is fully equipped to receive and weigh carefully all evidence of crimes against the government of the United States. Here is a tribunal which is above the chicanery of political intrigue. The grand-jury room is still available to both McCarthy and Lewis. If either has evidence that there are Communists in the State Department, this evidence, once laid before a grand jury, would result in the indictment, trial, and conviction of the defendants. Communists or disloyal persons commit a statutory crime—a felony—when they accept employment with the government of the United States.

Public Law 759, 1950, is still available to both McCarthy and Lewis. It reads in part:

> Any person who . . . advocates or who is a member of an organization that advocates the overthrow of the government of the United States by force and violence and accepts employment, the salary or wages of which are paid from any appropriation or fund contained in this or any other Act, shall be guilty of a felony and upon conviction shall be fined not more than $1000 or imprisoned for not more than one year, or both.

It has been impossible, in spite of the reward I offered, to get McCarthy or any of his followers before a grand jury. Can anyone suppose for a moment that if McCarthy had proof of his charges he would not run to a grand jury with it immediately? Can anyone suppose that if McCarthy, with his avidity for publicity, actually had proof he would deny himself the great acclaim that would come to him after proving his charges in a court of law?

After all, $25,000 represents a large sum of money, and it is all McCarthy's if he submits his evidence to a Federal grand jury. It comes to two and a half times the amount paid McCarthy by the now-defunct Lustron Corporation, to which McCarthy sold for $10,000 a 94-page article on housing. It will be remembered that Lustron had borrowed $37.5 million from the U.S. government and that it also had had business before the Senate Committee over which McCarthy presided.

It is difficult to believe that McCarthy would rather make $10,000 from a firm dealing with his own committee and his own government than make $25,000 by exposing and driving out Communists from the State Department. I know of no other member of the Senate who would have difficulty in deciding between these two money-making propositions.

After two and one half years, McCarthy still seems hesitant. Why?

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Who Is Richard Nixon?

RALPH M. BLAGDEN and ROBERT K. BINGHAM

RICHARD MILHOUS NIXON got his start in politics by answering a help-wanted ad in a newspaper. He was awaiting his discharge from the Navy in Baltimore when a banker from back home in Whittier, California, sent him a wire urging him to seize an opportunity that might lead to a seat in Congress. A committee of a hundred citizens in California's Twelfth Congressional District, just east of Los Angeles, had decided that something had to be done to get rid of Congressman Jerry Voorhis, a liberal Democrat who did not, they felt, represent the conservative elements of the district's electorate. They wanted a young man, preferably a veteran, who had no compromising political connections and who could lend an air of forward-looking zeal to the campaign against Voorhis.

Nixon met the requirements admirably. He had been thinking of opening a law office of his own when he returned to civilian life, but running for Congress never did a young lawyer any harm, and so he flew to California and charmed the committee into selecting him as its candidate.

The Bright Freshman

"I guess we didn't know what we had ahold of," a member of the original committee remarked recently. "We knew Dick was smart and we knew he could talk, but we didn't know he was that smart or could talk that fast. But we're pleased to have started him on his way."

Nixon challenged Voorhis to a series of debates in which he dramatically compelled his opponent to make the damaging admission that he had been endorsed by officials of the CIO. Pursuing this advantage, Nixon went on to speak of what he called Voorhis's "socialistic" voting record. That finished Voorhis, and Nixon won by some fifteen thousand votes.

The youthful vigor which Nixon brought to his first campaign for office made him outstanding among freshman Congressmen. He seemed able to evaluate the currents of public opinion quickly and accurately and then to appear in the forefront of those currents. Only once or twice has he gotten ahead of the current and found himself alone. And even in those cases, public opinion has eventually caught up with him. The Republican Party was not yet ready for the Mundt-Nixon anti-subversive bill which was introduced in 1948. Governor Thomas E. Dewey criticized the bill in a radio debate with Harold Stassen, and although it was passed by the House, it was pigeonholed in the Senate. The McCarran Internal Security Act of 1950, of course, contains many of the features of the Mundt-Nixon bill.

Un-American Activities

Nixon's role as a member of the House Committee on Un-American Activities in bringing about the conviction of Alger Hiss brought him to national prominence. To the Republicans he represented a responsible and also more effective alternative to Senator McCarthy. When the Democrats put up Helen Gahagan Douglas to run for the Senate from California in 1950, Nixon was an obvious choice to oppose her. In his campaign against Mrs. Douglas, Nixon perfected the techniques which he had hit on by instinct when he unseated Voorhis. It was forcefully pointed out that Mrs. Douglas's voting record as a Congresswoman bore a striking similarity to that of the leftist Congressman Vito Marcantonio of New York. "Would California send Marcantonio to the United States Senate?" Nixon's campaign literature demanded.

Although Nixon had warned against "indiscriminate name-calling in the field of anti-Communist activities," Senator McCarthy loyally overlooked the affront and appeared in California to campaign for Nixon. Nixon got other support from nonresidents. Senator Owen Brewster has recently testified that he borrowed $10,000 from his bank and turned it over to Henry Grunewald, a mysteriously influential figure in Washington who is now under indictment for contempt of Congress, and that Grunewald then gave $5,000 of it to Nixon's campaign fund. In *The Reporter's* series of articles on the China Lobby it was disclosed that Nixon also received help at this time from partisans of Chiang Kai-shek. Congressman Nixon became Senator Nixon less than five years after entering public life.

Everything First

His record in the Senate reveals his almost unerring grasp of popular causes. The record might appear contradictory on its surface, but there is a basic emotional consistency that has always brought Nixon out on the winning side. He has voted with the "Asia Firsters" and he has voted with the "Europe Firsters," always with the same air of buoyant confidence.

And so when Eisenhower asked his advisers to suggest an attractive young man to round out the Republican ticket, Nixon was a natural. All the other candidates who might have been considered had identified themselves to a greater or lesser degree with a particular faction of the party and were therefore sure to offend at least one other faction of the party. Nixon had offended no one. And he had done this not by lying low and avoiding issues but rather by identifying himself with the winning side on every issue.

It's all a question of being in the right place at the right time. Nixon's chances for further advancement, which would seem to be considerable, depend first on the American voters and next on the health of General Eisenhower.

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Léo and Brazza, the Congo's Unidentical Twins

ODEN AND OLIVIA MEEKER

TWENTY minutes and a world apart, the tropical twin cities of Brazzaville and Léopoldville, capitals of French Equatorial Africa and of the Belgian Congo, lie on opposite shores of the great river. From the watery frontier line they look much the same—low, modern cities punctuated by a good deal of scaffolding and an occasional modest skyscraper.

Every half hour between dawn and dusk, little white launches flying the black, yellow, and coral-red Belgian tricolor make the crossing, heading upstream against the swift Congo current, past the dugouts and old wood-burning stern-wheelers, past a long, low island in midstream, green against the slaty water. There are mists on the river in the early morning, and swallows skimming at dusk before the lights of the two towns go on.

This stretch of water is Stanley Pool. Just below are the spectacular rapids which block navigation between the pool and the nearby Atlantic but which will soon provide more than enough electricity for both the French and Belgian sides. Unfortunately for the French, most of the thousands of miles of the Congo's navigable tributaries lie on the Belgian side of the boundary—one of the reasons why until now L'Afrique Equatoriale Française has dozed quietly while the Belgians have been busy turning the Congo into an efficient tropical factory.

There are few formalities on this pleasant frontier. It costs the equivalent of thirty cents to cross the river (fifteen cents second class), and people are hindered as little in their passage as the insubstantial floating islets of grass and reed which are known here as "Portuguese concessions."

Sleepy Cinderella

Brazzaville takes its name from Pierre Savorgnan de Brazza (1852-1905), a lean, dedicated Roman nobleman with an apostolic black beard, who became French and—competing with Henry M. Stanley to see who could discover the most of this part of the world the fastest—managed to bring the more than a million and a half square miles of Africa into the French Empire. Brazzaville is a quiet provincial capital, a little like a tropical Aix-en-Provence, with tranquil vistas, trees arching over the long, shady streets, and an air of a drowsy late Sunday afternoon, interrupted occasionally by a young Frenchman scooting by on a motorcycle.

There is building here, of course, as there is everywhere between Dakar and the Cape; and now that France is worried about the future of Indo-China and North Africa, there are plans for accelerating the development of some of this vast country's resources. Cinderella, as the French press and even the French government habitually refer to the equatorial offspring, is getting ready for the changes being wrought by her Fairy Godmother. Meanwhile, she is still a little sleepy from her nap. And charming.

Across the river, Léopoldville has many deceptive similarities, even as Brussels does to Paris. The temperature is much the same, averaging seventy-seven degrees all year round; the humidity reaches ninety to one hundred per cent at night. Or, as one writer has bravely put it: "The Congo is not hotter or muggier than New York or Washington during an August heat wave." Curiously, the dry season here is cloudy, misty, and cooler, while the rainy season has bright days (it considerately rains during the night) and a visibility of about fifty miles as against the dry season's twenty. Europeans on both sides wear sun helmets, which are out of fashion in the British colonies, and try to live much as they would at home in France or Belgium. European women wear sunback dresses and very short shorts with cuffs on them; the French shorts tend to be shorter than the Belgian ones. African women on both sides of the river wear the same bright cotton prints, woven by the textile factories of the Netherlands, England, France, Japan, or even Léopoldville: vivid, splashy designs featuring saxophones, microphones, clasped hands, broken hearts, African monarchs, Churchill, Roosevelt, and the late King George VI.

Times have changed since Stanley and de Brazza were trying to out-explore one another in Central Africa. On Stanley's 999-mile trek from East to West Africa, 241 of the 256 members of his safari were lost, though he did discover the great river system of the Congo, and shortly afterward was sent back by Léopold II to carve out a new country. The Congo Free State was recognized by the major powers in

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1885, and was given its own national flag, a large gold star in a blue field, which is still flown here.

There is an acute housing shortage in both Brazza and Léo (abbreviation is the mode here), but it is probably worse in Léo, which now shelters some 12,000 Europeans and 200,000 Africans, where in 1877 Stanley found a village of twenty-five. Brazzaville has about half Léopoldville's population, in similar proportions. Both are scattered all over the landscape, Léopoldville occupying a quarter of the area of Paris and boasting 375 miles of streets. There are a good many American cars on both sides, but particularly among the Belgians, whose semi-hard currency permits them to import everything from Campbell's Chicken Gumbo to clip-on bow ties in Day-Glo colors.

Platters of sizzling snails, artichokes vinaigrette, and boeuf bourguignon are freely available at a stiff price on both sides of the river, but somehow the Belgian meal always seems a little heavier than its French counterpart. Both cities have open-air cafés with terraces, particularly agreeable in the tropics. Although there are a couple of late night spots in Léopoldville, most Belgians prefer to go to bed early so they can get up and work hard the following day. Brazzaville, on the other hand, has at least five night spots and honky-tonks that stay open all night, and many metropolitan Frenchmen like to turn up at the Bal Dou-Dou in the African quarter of Poto-Poto—a shocking idea to any respectable Belgian. The Belgians, as usual, consider the French a little too frivolous, and the French, as usual, suspect that the Belgians are a little stuffy.

No Parrots Allowed

The contrasts between the two colonies that most strike the stranger are racial and economic. The latter is the more easily understood. The fact is that the Belgian Congo is both rich and well organized, while French Equatorial Africa as yet is neither. The Congo is as big as the United States east of the Mississippi, and it has justifiably been compared with the American Far West when the frontier was booming. Riverboats, trains, and planes are overloaded, and warehouses are bulging. Eighty per cent of the world's cobalt, seventy per cent of its industrial diamonds, and most of the uranium for the American atomic-energy program come from here. The Congo is one of the world's important sources of copper, tin, zinc, gold ($12 million worth in 1950), coal, manganese, tungsten, cadmium, tantalite, wolfram, and columbite—these last being vital to the American steel industry. The United States Plywood Corporation has heavy investments in the Congolese timber industry; the Armco Steel Company has built a plant to make the corrugated roofing used throughout the tropics; the *Reader's Digest* is involved in a project for a paper mill.

All this means money in the bank, goods on the shelves, and incessant building. There is probably more con-

struction going on in Léopoldville than in any place between Capetown and Cairo. The Léopoldvillois are inordinately proud of their first skyscraper, a ten-story affair known locally as Le Building, and they are currently throwing up nine more of eight stories each, and one of nineteen. There was already one stadium in town seating 25,000 people, but the Association Royale Sportive Congolaise has recently opened another costing about a million dollars and seating 72,000.

Past the terraces of the hotel cafés in Léopoldville, the cars bowl along a wide boulevard with a grass strip in the middle, and the citizens bustle as though they were in Chicago. It is only when the guest is approached by a gowned black trader carrying an elephant's tusk, or when he returns to his room and finds a notice strictly forbidding parrots, that he remembers he is in the Congo Basin.

Paternalism and Paternity

The Belgians are frankly paternalist in their political approach. They have outlived the early days of the Congo scandals, when Léopold II, with the help of Stanley, founded the Congo Free State as his own private colony, under a system whose abuses prompted Conrad to write his *Heart of Darkness* and the American Vachel Lindsay to write a poem picturing Léopold in Hell confronted by the mutilated blacks who had failed to produce their quota. Since 1908, when the country became an outright colony of Belgium, it has been governed under a reformed Colonial Charter that has remained more or less unchanged.

Under the Belgian system, heavy emphasis is placed on efficiency, rationalization of the country's industries, the maintenance of a pool of healthy, well-directed, reasonably prosperous labor, and the cautious, step-by-step educational, social, and political advancement of the Africans.

Meanwhile, there is no nonsense tolerated about black and white equality. Blacks have their own schools, their own windows at the post office, and their own parts of town, which they must re-enter by nine o'clock every night unless they have a pass signed by a white man. And unless they work for a European or have a job in commerce or industry, they must raise a specified amount of some cash crop such as cotton, corn, manioc, or peanuts. African land is inalienable, and rural indebtedness and moneylending are said to be unknown.

There are relatively few mulattoes. Those who are recognized by their white fathers—reportedly about half—and who are willing to sever all relationship with their African mothers are

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classified as Europeans and sent to European schools. The infrequent visiting American Negro is also classified as European, or white.

The Belgians have trained the Africans to become skilled drivers of locomotives, bulldozers, river craft, power shovels, and taxicabs. They are policemen, clerks, electricians, telegraphers, and adding-machine operators. They are nurses, dispensers, elementary teachers, and gym instructors. But, while they are carefully educated to a point just below full professional standing, they are not doctors, lawyers, engineers, or higher educators. There are twenty-six thousand mission schools in the Congo which the Belgians have found it convenient and practical to subsidize rather than open state-operated ones. There has until now been no higher education in the colony, and few Congolese, no matter how well qualified, have been able to study abroad. Next year, however, a university will open here and will grant degrees in medicine, law, and agriculture equivalent to those from the University of Louvain.

Bungalows in Paradise

The Belgians are hardheaded, pragmatic types who are convinced that their system is the right one, and probably the only right one. The French and the British, they say, are giving the Africans political freedom instead of food. "We arrived long after the other colonizers," one intelligent Belgian colonial said to us, "and we learned from their mistakes. First of all, we need a solid economic base. Next come social considerations. We've had progressive social legislation since 1922. Politics comes last. First it's necessary that *everybody* make a profit."

Practically everybody in the Congo does. More than ten thousand Congolese (out of about ten million) earn over $120 a month, and even with local prices, this is high when contrasted with earnings in neighboring countries. In Léopoldville African employees live in attractive $1,200 bungalows which would certainly cost several times as much in the United States. The country's greatest problem is a perpetual shortage of labor, and it's easy to find work, even for foreigners. (A great many Negroes arrive from Portuguese Angola next door, where their economic, social, political, and spiritual lot is reported to make the Congo look like a paradise.) For Europeans, permission to settle in the Congo is said to be equivalent to a gift of $50,000—that being the amount any white settler can expect to make here.

Belgium's ten-year development plan for the Congo, begun in 1949, calls for an investment of about $1 billion. The $70-million war debt owed by the mother country to the colony (which paid all the expenses of the Belgian government-in-exile and the Belgan war effort) must be used only for the welfare of the Africans. Three thousand new houses have been built and twenty thousand more are to come. Three miles of road a day are being built, partly with U.S. Point Four money. Every effort is being made first to put money in the African's pocket, then to instill in the African's bosom a desire for possessions that will make him a better customer. "I want to see ninety per cent of them discontented," said a Belgian official, "wanting more money, like you Americans."

The Africans of the Congo have already begun to be endowed with sizable portions of worldly goods. They own 22,000 bicycles in Léopoldville alone, and the bikes cost up to a hundred dollars each when hung with all the required local gadgets. Africans are allowed the right to strike only when the authorities are satisfied that all possibilities of mediation have been exhausted, and Africans risk jail if they violate the terms of their employment, but they are given their housing, clothing, a daily ration of 4,300 calories, pensions, compensation for injuries, free fertilizer, garden seeds, and tools, and a long list of other benefits.

Agriculture is still so primitive here that it takes ten farmers to feed every nonfarmer, whereas in the United States less than one-sixth the population is needed to grow food. All Africans receive medical treatment absolutely free (the maximum tax paid by an ordinary African head of family is about three dollars), and in 1950 two million Africans were treated. But there is still only one full-fledged doctor for every 20,000 inhabitants, as opposed to one for every 750 in the United States.

Pygmies and Giants

Surprisingly, there is such a thing as an African tourist industry, though it is still pretty much of a catch-as-catch-can business. In L'Afrique Equatoriale Française, as in most of the French African territories, the authorities are still thinking in terms of the occasional princely visitor who outfits his own safari and goes off to shoot hippopotamuses, elephants, and giraffes. Both sides of the Congo offer rival pygmies and gorillas, but the French colony has the additional lure of the saucer-lipped

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Ubangi women. The Belgians specialize in the long, lean, aristocratic Watusi, the seven-foot black Hamites who have unofficially broken all the world's high-jump records. (There was, however, no truth in the rumor that the Belgians were training them for the Olympics. The Watusi are accustomed to taking off from a small mound, and thus don't meet the official requirements.)

In the ordinary course of events visitors are not likely in Brazza, and still less in Léo, to meet fellow dinner guests who are black, or to address an African as "Sir," as would be quite normal in the Gold Coast, Nigeria, or Liberia.

The Scholarly Eboué

Still, it was here in A.E.F. that France appointed its first Negro Governor-General, Adolphe-Sylvestre-Félix Eboué, that remarkable French patriot, scholar, and administrator who in three days in 1940 rallied all this vast territory to the Free French, giving de Gaulle his first base of operations. Eboué was a forceful, rather fierce-looking man who worked his way up the colonial ladder by his scholarship (he published monographs like *Etude sur les Langues Sango, Banda, Baya et Mandjia,* and *La Clé Musicale des Langages Tambourinés et Chantés*), and by his ability to bring people around by persuasion rather than by shooting.

There is little of Eboué's interest in African languages in evidence these days, but the colonial Cinderella is being given a little more schooling. There are about ninety thousand students out of a population of four and a half million in A.E.F.—most of them in primary school, though there are now also secondary schools in three major centers. There are also a number of scholarships available for higher education in France.

About 50 billion francs has been invested by private and public capital in A.E.F. since the war, mostly in road-building (transportation is still in terrible shape); in manganese mines; in oil exploration; in a new dam below Stanley Pool, which will be ready next year and will produce 15 million kilowatts annually; and in a large project to grow a jutelike fiber called urena, around which can be built satellite industries of clover forage, peanuts, and cellulose for paper manufacture. There are also a small whaling industry based on Port Gentil, the world's second largest plywood plant in the same place, and a large cattle industry to the north in the rich Chad area, which is exporting two DC-4s full of meat to Israel every week.

An Ill Wind

There is nothing that could be described as African nationalism on the Belgian side of the border, and very little on the French, though this is a wind that can blow up overnight. For what it's worth, the Rassemblement Démocratique Africain, which used to have a united front with the Communist Party, at one time had a branch in A.E.F. and collected some of the vote there, but this has been abandoned. Under the A.E.F.'s limited franchise, perhaps twenty per cent of the people are entitled to vote for Deputies and Senators who represent them in Paris, for local territorial bodies with mostly advisory powers, and, indirectly, for a colonial Assembly, which controls the budget.

On the Belgian side, nobody votes at all, and white settlers have as little say about how the place is run as the Africans do. Real control of the Congo rests in an immense holding company called simply La Société Générale, a combination of big business and the state, which together manage the plantations, mines, power, construction, retail stores, ships, railroads, and the national airline.

The French think that their system is more in keeping with the United Natons charter for nonautonomous territories, and the Belgians think the French are just asking for trouble. Nobody seems very worried about Communism on the Belgian side, though, except for a handful of wealthy people fleeing a third world war, who have created a real-estate boom in the Kivu highlands. ("Every time Stalin sneezes, we get another planeload of barons.") Nevertheless, the Belgians are keeping a sharp eye on South Africa's Malanism and what they consider to be North Africa's "premature liberalism" as possible sources of infection. Many Belgians believe that the future of the non-Communist world may well be decided in Central Africa, and they would like to call a mid-African conference, excluding both North and South Africa, to work out a common middle-of-the-road policy for the British, French, Belgian, Portuguese, and possibly the Spanish territories. Meanwhile, the rulers of the Congo proceed with their Auntie-Knows-Best policy.

A Question of Faith

There are now plans afoot for a few educated Africans—perhaps half a dozen—to settle in the parts of Léopoldville now occupied by whites, under an "assimilation decree" which awaits King Baudouin's signature. Another decree is being planned that would reorganize the small, homogeneous, relatively advanced trust territory of Ruanda-Urundi on more democratic lines, at once pleasing the United Nations and also making an experimental laboratory for the rest of the Congo. While they are waiting, a good many Belgian Africans have informally crossed the Léo-Brazza frontier to live under the relatively poor but relatively liberal régime in A.E.F., just as the wards of Portugal have migrated to the Congo.

In the end, it all comes down to a question of faith in the Belgians' good intentions when they say they are moving cautiously, but moving, in the direction of partnership with the Africans. So far, they haven't been in any noticeable hurry, but they haven't broken their word.

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The Baltic: Russian Bottle With a Swedish Cork

WILLIAM H. HESSLER

IN A YEAR of palpable danger, the long boundary between political worlds from Norway's North Cape to the Caucasus is being tended apprehensively. NATO is strong on its southern flank, because the Mediterranean, extending two thousand miles into Eurasia, is wholly commanded by Anglo-American sea power and is encircled almost completely by friendly peoples. A potential avenue for offensive action, it is a powerful deterrent to Soviet venturesomeness. But the northern flank of the NATO defensive system, the Baltic Sea, offers no such reassurance. Reaching one thousand miles along the northern margin of the main peninsula of Europe, it is very nearly a Russian lake. It is by no means certain that NATO could prevent its use for a Russian offensive. The Baltic area is a vulnerable spot in the armor of the West.

Last June 16, this weakness was apparent when an unarmed Swedish Catalina flying boat was shot down by Soviet jet fighters over international waters. The Catalina had been on a search mission for a Swedish C-47 training plane, possibly also shot down by Soviet fighters. It followed by two years the destruction of a U.S. Navy Privateer at a point over the Baltic some miles to the south. One Swedish newspaper called the incident "a link in a merciless campaign of terrorism." Another proclaimed, with more indignation than Swedish Cabinet Ministers allow themselves, "There must be an end to the Russians behaving like masters of the Baltic."

Narrow Waters

In itself, the incident of last June was a trifle—just one more occasion for a protest, a rejection of the protest, a rejection of the rejection, and then a sullen silence on both sides. Actually,

however, the affair was central to a larger problem, because it dramatized Russia's continuing effort to make the Baltic a Soviet mare clausum.

The Baltic is a shallow, tideless sea, colder and less salty than the oceans generally, much of its area frozen for three or four months of the year. Traditionally, it has been out of bounds to British and American sea power because the entrances are shallow and so narrow as to be territorial rather than international waters. It is even more likely to be out of bounds in the future, for surface naval forces rely more and more on dispersion. The Baltic simply does not offer sea room for modern carrier operations. In the Pacific war, one of our Fast Carrier Forces of 1944-1945, in normal deployment, was spread over seventy-five or eighty miles of sea—more than the width of the Baltic in some places. During two world wars, the Baltic was never penetrated by any heavy Allied vessels. In the Second World War, the Germans used it for the importation of Swedish ores, and for naval support of their armies in the Leningrad area. The Russians used it, in the final stage of the war, for support of their drive into Poland and northern Germany.

In strategic terms, the Baltic area has three principal assets. One is the rich iron-ore fields of Swedish Lapland, above the Arctic Circle. Another is the power to threaten (or protect) the flank of the north European plain from the base of the Danish Peninsula eastward to Leningrad. Third and most important, any power commanding the western shores of Scandinavia has the means of launching and supporting offensive operations against the British Isles and communication lines in the North Atlantic. At times in the past, the Germans have made capital of all three features.

As things stand now, the Baltic area is the scene of uneasy compromise and continuing counterpressures. Denmark and Norway are firmly committed to NATO. Sweden is tenaciously neutral. Finland, for purposes of foreign and military policy, is the prisoner of the Soviet Union. And because it controls most of the perimeter, the Soviet Union has effective command of the Baltic itself, up to but not including the entrances.

Extension of Soviet power in this area has nearly matched, for speed and thoroughness, the expansion of Soviet control over eastern Europe. In 1939, the Soviet Union controlled only about one hundred miles of the Baltic shore near Leningrad at the head of the Gulf of Finland. Now, after thirteen years, Soviet power reaches from the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, which is fifty miles

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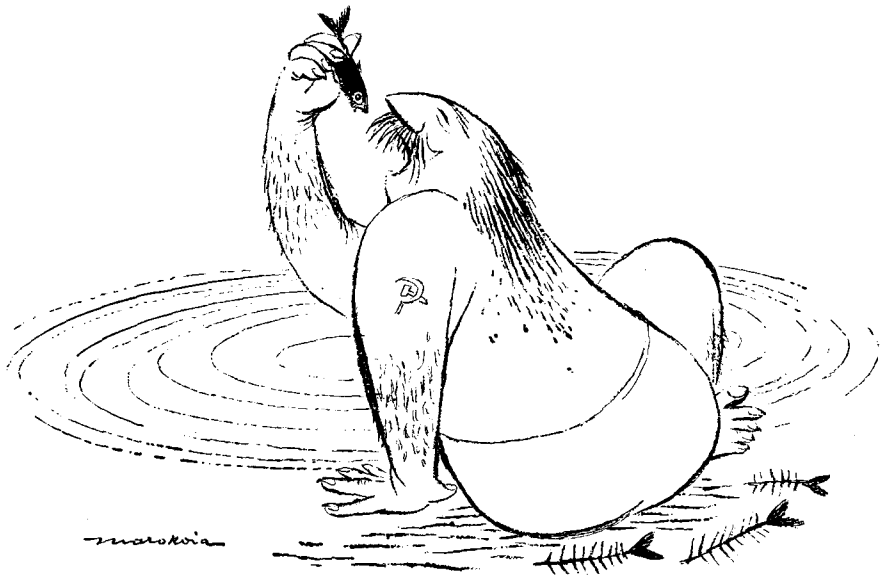

south of the Arctic Circle, down to Königsberg and west to Lübeck, only seventy miles from the Danish frontier. The Soviet Union now controls eighteen hundred miles of shore line, much more than half the total.

Captured: Finland

This envelopment of the Baltic was accomplished by a systematic program of diplomacy, military conquest, annexation, party infiltration, and economic pressure. It began after the first war with Finland, in 1940, when the Russians gained the Karelian Isthmus, Viborg, and other border territories. In 1944, Finland, defeated after fighting for three years on the German side in the Second World War, had to cede additional eastern territories and the Petsamo area, its ice-free outlet on the Arctic Ocean. In addition, the Finns ceded a naval base at Porkkala, at the entrance to the Gulf of Finland, and also agreed to complete a commercially useless railway across the waist of Finland, to link Russia's Murmansk-Leningrad line with the northern Swedish lines serving the ore fields and the Norwegian port of Narvik. Later, in 1948, Moscow wrapped up the Finnish package with a treaty of nonaggression, by which the reluctant Helsinki government agreed in substance to adjust its foreign and military policies to Soviet requirements.

Thus Moscow captured Finland, strategically although not politically, and at the same time acquired a common frontier with Norway in the extreme north and developed a threat to Sweden's ore fields at Kiruna and Gällivare. Pressure on Norway was continued with successive demands for a share in the defense of Spitzbergen, five hundred miles above the North Cape, but on this the Norwegians refused to yield.

Another decisive Soviet move was the seizure of the Baltic States—Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia. As former Russian territories, they were annexed to the Soviet Union in 1940 and disappeared altogether from the political map. This gave the Russians a base at Tallinn, opposite Porkkala, at the entrance to the Gulf of Finland, and likewise brought Soviet power to the bend in the Baltic coast at Königsberg. At the end of the Second World War, East Prussia fell into place as part of Stalin's expansion program, as did Poland (whose coastline had been greatly extended by the postwar territorial arrangements) and the East Zone of Germany. Thus the outposts of Communist power reached a point well to the west of Copenhagen, only thirty-five miles from the entrance to the Kiel Canal.

Torpedoed: Two Neutrals

With the destruction of German naval and air strength, the Baltic Sea became a power vacuum, and as usual the Soviet Union moved in. To maintain their advantage in the waters of Northern Europe, the Russians have built up a sizable fleet, though a special-purpose one. They have perhaps 350 submarines, three old battleships, fifteen cruisers, and sixty-five destroyers, as well as mine craft and torpedo boats, and something like a thousand naval aircraft (but no carriers). Of this naval power probably close to half is concentrated in the Baltic Sea. It is a fair guess that the Swedes have about one-third the naval strength of Russia's present Baltic fleet. With its ships and planes, together with coast-defense guns, Sweden could make a good show of defending its own Baltic shores, but could not seriously challenge Soviet air-sea power in the Baltic as a whole.

Thus after the Second World War Sweden and Denmark still stood between the Kremlin and real mastery of the whole Baltic-Scandinavian complex. The Danes and Swedes could be dealt with, the Russians reasoned, either by outright hostilities, which were not wanted, or by diplomacy, if it were shrewd enough.

Moscow tried diplomacy, and it was not shrewd enough. When the North Atlantic Treaty came off the drafting table at the end of 1948, the situation in Scandinavia was extremely fluid. Stockholm, bent on neutrality but fearing isolation, was trying earnestly to create a Scandinavian bloc, which was to be rigorously neutral but not without defense forces. It was to be committed to the mutual protection of three participants—Denmark, Norway, and Sweden—and possibly Finland, which already was lost but might be recovered if Moscow looked the other way. The Danes, painfully conscious of their defenselessness before the German lightning stroke in the spring of 1940, favored the plan.

Both Moscow and Washington opposed the plan. Moscow saw peril in a united Scandinavia, and exerted great pressure to head it off. Washington made it known, with customary directness, that no Scandinavian state which joined a neutral bloc could hope for arms, money, or military assistance of any sort. So the Swedes found the ground cut from under them from both sides. Denmark and Norway joined NATO, the one reluctantly and with feet that are still dragging, the other with proper Viking spirit. NATO got the two nations facing directly on the Atlantic, the two of greatest value to the organization. Russia got Finland, trapped by geography and past defeats. Sweden, with the largest military potential and the greatest mineral and industrial resources, remained ostentatiously neutral. But Sweden also found itself

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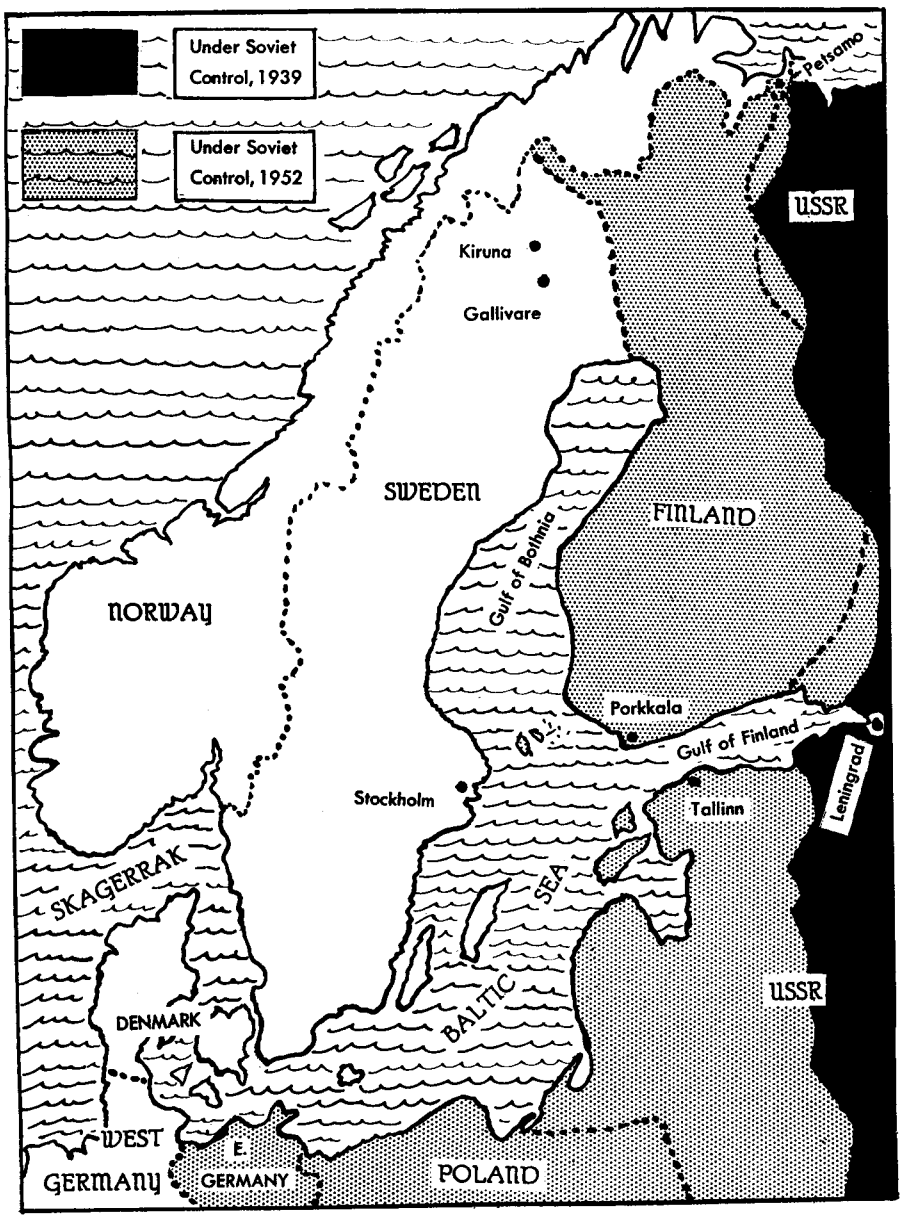
maneuvered into isolation when it alone among the Scandinavian nations refused to choose sides.

Moscow has made many mistakes since 1945. Failures, like the bid for the Dardanelles and that for Spitzbergen, are understandable. Blunders, like the blockade of Berlin and the handling of Yugoslavia, it must chalk up to stupidity. So it was with the torpedoing of the Scandinavian neutral bloc. Since 1949, when the Atlantic pact was confirmed, Moscow has been trying intermittently to rectify its error, realizing that a neutralized Scandinavia would have been far better, for Russia, than extension of NATO's power to Norway and Denmark—even considering the isolation of Sweden. In its tardy efforts to encourage Scandinavian neutralism, Russia has depended chiefly on the Finnish Foreign Minister, who periodically puts out a hesitant and halfhearted feeler for a league of northern neutrals. But it is too late.

The Stubborn Swedes

Another string to Moscow's bow is the war of nerves. Danish and Swedish fishing boats are subjected to harassment whenever they venture anywhere near Soviet territorial waters. And to make this work simpler, Moscow has extended its territorial waters (unilaterally, from the usual three miles off shore to twelve. Danish and Swedish ships touching at Baltic ports under Soviet control are subjected to delays and vexatious regulations. Soviet espionage, meanwhile, has been increased, particularly in Sweden. To all such presures, Danes and Swedes give characteristic answers. The Danes, having put all their chips on NATO, keep out of Russia's way as much as possible and proceed with the minimal rearmament demanded of them by the North Atlantic Council. The Swedes, with far greater resources of their own and better natural defenses, are redoubling their military preparations, hunting down and prosecuting Soviet spies, selling all their high-grade iron ore to the West, and standing firm on the principle that the Baltic is an international waterway, not a Russian lake.



Sweden is the real thorn in Russia's Baltic side, though Swedish leaders are not even close to abandoning their "no-alliance" policy. The few journalists and politicians who want to join the West have no great influence. Neutrality is a settled course. But as Swedish political leaders and writers affirm constantly neutrality is not neutralism. It is a calculated policy, ordered by geography and national interests, but it does not reflect indifference or cowardice. Sweden today has the third largest air force in Europe, approaching fifteen hundred aircraft. It has a good army, capable of being expanded to seven hundred thousand men in a matter of days. It has a small, specialized navy for coast defense, first on the islands, then on the mainland. It has a small but first-class armament industry. And it has a great military tradition, dating back to a time when Swedish armies were the terror of Central Europe and won victories as far south as Bavaria.

The Swedes are not to be enticed into the North Atlantic coalition by any maneuvers or pleadings of the West. They might conceivably be driven into it some day by badgering from the Soviet Union—by repetitions of the aircraft incident of mid-June, for example, or by intolerable economic pressure from Moscow.

Russia's real motives are clear. They are shown in the recurring suggestion, not yet a formal diplomatic demand, that the states bordering on the Baltic join hands and by common action make the Baltic a mare clausum—closed, that is, to the warships of non-Baltic states in time of war. Moscow made such a proposal to Turkey for the Black Sea

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after the war, in the hope of getting a share in the control of the Bosporus and the Dardanelles. The Turks declined politely and turned to the United States, and finally were admitted to NATO after pounding on the door for a year. The Swedes and Danes take a similarly dim view of "sharing their Baltic responsibilities" with Russia.

The Dilatory Danes

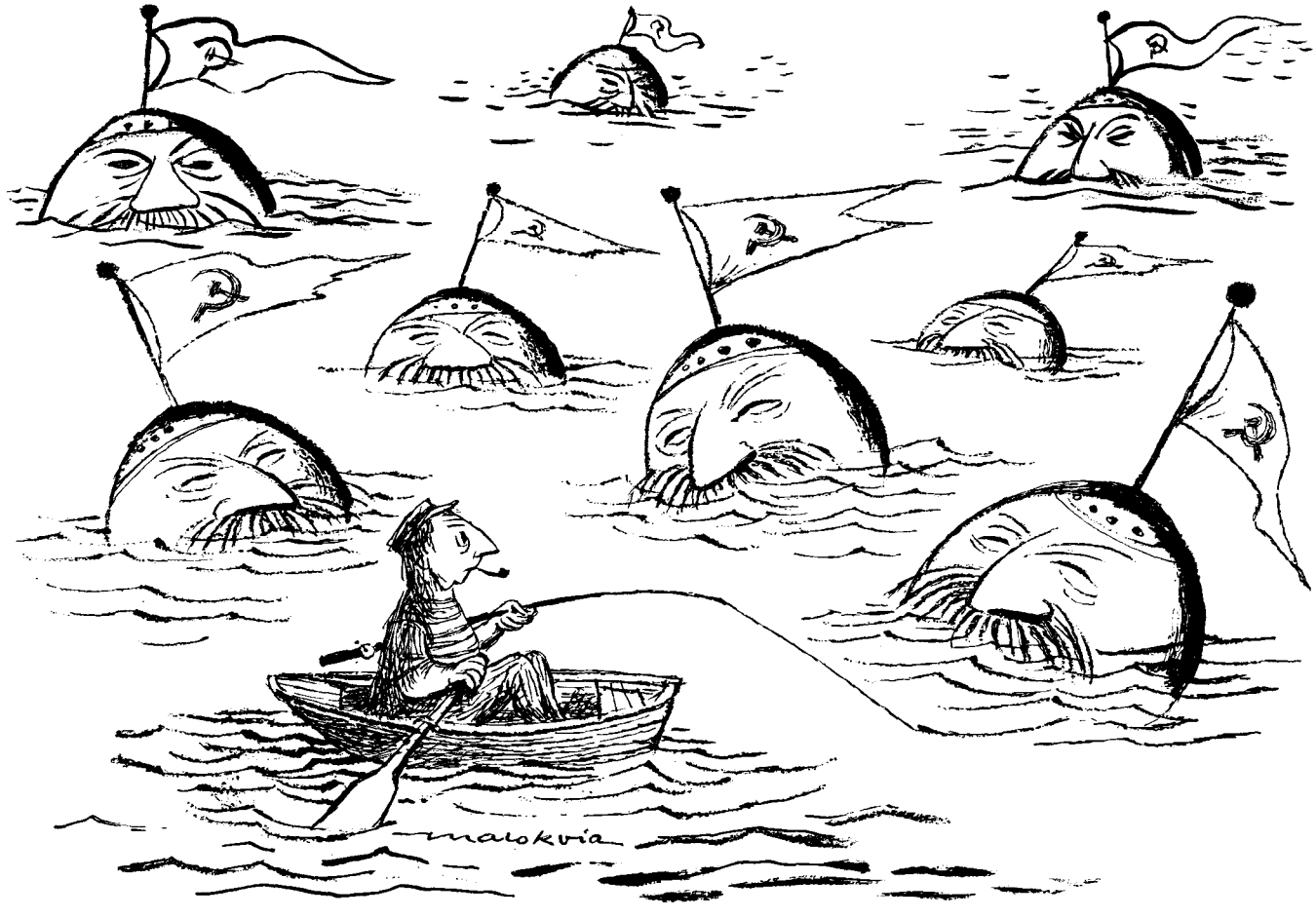
In this fashion, the Baltic area has come to an uneasy stalemate. Russia commands the Baltic itself but not the entrances or the vital Norwegian coast. Sweden remains a strong neutral, growing stronger daily. NATO holds the Atlantic fringe of Scandinavia, without bases of its own there but with bases assured and being prepared for use in case of war.

Russia's principal strategic advantage, of course, is easy access to Denmark. The Germans showed the way. On April 9, 1940, they took Denmark before breakfast and Norway before dark. Today the Russians, standing before Lübeck, have only seventy miles of flat country between them and the southern limits of Denmark. Although well aware of this, the Danes still are at the tail of the NATO procession, devoting only three per cent of their modest national income to defense. Their attitude, however, is beginning to change, partly as they feel the pressure of Soviet encroachment but chiefly as they see the build-up of NATO's defensive military power. A year ago, the defense line of the western coalition was at the Rhine, scarcely covering the whole of Holland. Today it is 150 miles to the east, covering the base of the Danish Peninsula. It may not be strong enough to hold there, but at least that's where it is.

The best hope of the western powers, then, is not pressure on neutral Sweden to take the pledge. Indeed, a good case can be made to show that the West is safer and stronger while Sweden is neutral. Finland almost certainly would be taken over by Russia outright if the Swedes entered the NATO family, and a valuable buffer would be lost. The western coalition has no hope of converting the Baltic, as it has the Mediterranean, into an avenue of potential offensive operations. But it does have a chance to tighten its grip on the entrances to the Baltic, by steadily building up its forces in Schleswig-Holstein and by cajoling the Danes into action.

Idle Dreams and High Cards

The notion of sending western air and sea power into the Baltic and scourging the Red Army from NATO's northern flank is an idle dream. But there is a good and improving chance of holding Denmark and the exits from the Baltic. And Sweden, it must always be remembered, is not, like Finland, a prisoner of geography. Sweden's two-hundred-mile west coast, with the great seaport of Göteborg, lies outside the Baltic, fronting on the Kattegat and Skagerrak—on blue water. Sweden therefore could be supported by the maritime powers of the West, just as Turkey and Yugoslavia could be. This is Stockholm's high card, and NATO's, if it comes to a showdown. But the Swedes are cautious cardplayers; and we in the West are probably fortunate that they are. They are pursuing a brand of patient self-restraint unknown in Washington, and applying it at a place where it is essential.



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Heidelberg to Madrid — The Story of General Willoughby

FRANK KLUCKHOHN

PROMINENT Americans have, while traveling in foreign countries, often succeeded in embarrassing the men charged with carrying out the U.S. government's policies in those countries. The most recent and striking example of this was provided by Major General Charles A. Willoughby, U.S. Army, retired, who last January turned up in Spain, where he was an honored guest of Generalissimo Francisco Franco. Willoughby had served as General of the Army Douglas MacArthur's chief of intelligence from 1941 throughout the Pacific war, the occupation of Japan, and the first stages of the Korean War, until MacArthur's removal in April, 1951. He had retired from the Army in August, 1951, and since then had played no important part in MacArthur's New York headquarters.

Early in April of this year an American military mission arrived in Spain to discuss with Franco and his Ministers the question of establishing U.S. air and naval bases there. Before the negotiations started, the members of the mission knew how delicate their job would be made by the touchiness of the Spaniards. But the Americans had little warning of the way their task would be complicated by Willoughby. The latter, by casting himself as a sort of unofficial spokesman and go-between with Franco, succeeded in building up considerably the Caudillo's confidence at the bargaining table.

The Pentagon had—and still has—a modest notion of Franco's military worth. The U.S. Navy wants only the use of anchorages rather than shore installations in Spain; the Air Force does not consider the Iberian Peninsula the hub of its global strategy; and the U.S. Army has little inclination to try to replace the decrepit equipment

Charles A. Willoughby

of the Spanish Army while its North Atlantic Treaty partners are howling for matériel.

Franco and his advisers feel that Spain has a very great deal to offer. The Americans, they believe, should be prepared to accept and pay well for their country's anti-Communist sentiments, the barrier of its towering Pyrenees, and its 450,000-man army. The $100 million set aside by Congress in August, 1950, for economic aid to Spain Franco considered simply a token. The first job the Americans faced, then, was to make it clear that they had not come to Spain to build a Maginot Line along the Pyrenees or to refloat the Spanish Armada.

It was Willoughby who took it upon himself to encourage, rather than help dispel, such illusions on the part of the Caudillo. At a moment when American negotiators felt particularly depressed by the stiff Spanish demands, Willoughby said in a speech to the Spaniards, "You can count on the friendship of U.S. naval and air circles." When he was asked in a press conference, "Do you think it is the military people of America who best understand Spain?" he answered, according to the story in the Madrid newspaper *Ya*, "Yes, especially the naval people, who are very sensible."

'Safe Behind the Pyrenees'

Although Willoughby described his stay in Spain as being "without official character," his initial audience with Franco lasted an hour and three quarters—extremely long for Franco audiences. From that time until his departure from Spain in July, Willoughby remained in constant contact with Franco's Ministers. During Willoughby's stay at the Velásquez Hotel, the Generalissimo was at great pains to provide him with government limousines and similar official amenities.

During a lecture, in the course of which Willoughby described Spain as "a cradle of supermen," he said, "I have come to Spain because I feel safer in Spain behind the Pyrenees than in Paris behind the Rhine." He neglected to explain why he wouldn't have felt even safer staying in New York behind the Atlantic, but the slur on NATO was obvious enough.

Those who knew something of Willoughby's background were not greatly surprised at his paying these sudden attentions to Generalissimo Franco. John Gunther has reported that while he was gathering material for his book *The Riddle of MacArthur,* he was at dinner one evening with Willoughby when the General suddenly proposed a toast to "The second greatest military commander in the world, Francisco Franco" (MacArthur obviously being the greatest). Willoughby told one Madrid audience that at the U.S. Army

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Command and General Staff School he had lectured in favor of Franco as early as 1936. After he had given an impassioned account of his pro-Franco sentiments at a Falangist luncheon in Madrid, Willoughby was toasted by Fernández Cuesta, Secretary General of the Falangist Party, in these words: "I am happy to know a fellow Falangist and reactionary."

Who's Who?

General Willoughby has been described by an exceptionally candid Japanese who once worked with him in Tokyo as "a stout, obdurate German-American officer like a bull. He has sharp brains and nerves which bring about once in a while a sudden burst of temper. But, on the other hand, he is also a diplomatic person . . ." Willoughby has been more succinctly described by a fellow officer as "our own Junker general."

In the biographies Willoughby has provided to the Army and to *Who's Who in America,* he is described as having been born in Heidelberg, Germany, on March 8, 1892, the son of Frieherr (Baron) T. von Tscheppe-Weidenbach and of Emma von Tscheppe-Weidenbach, née Emma Willoughby, of Baltimore, Maryland.

The mystery which has so often surrounded Willoughby apparently goes back as far as the moment of his birth. Last year a German news magazine, *Der Spiegel,* which had become interested in tracing the General's noble ancestry, came up with the following item:

"In *Who's Who in America,* 1950-1951 edition, Willoughby is given as the son of Freiherr T. von Tscheppe und Weidenbach and of Emma von Tscheppe und Weidenbach, née Willoughby; born in Heidelberg on March 8, 1892. However, in the Heidelberg registry under the date March 8, 1892, only the birth of one Adolf August Weidenbach is entered, with ropemaker August Weidenbach as father and Emma, née Langhäuser, as mother . . ."

The *Gothaisches Genealogisches Taschenbuch der Briefadeligen,* a standard catalogue of the German gentry, does nothing to help clear up the confusion about Willoughby's origin. According to it, General Franz Erich Theodor Tülff von Tschepe (with one "p") und Weidenbach not

Andres Soriano

only lacked the title "Freiherr" but did not receive letters patent from Wilhelm II entitling him to use the surname "von Tschepe und Weidenbach" until 1913. He had five children, none of them born in 1892.

One of Willoughby's friends from his early days in the U.S. has stated that both the General's parents were German and that the name Willoughby was a rough translation of Weidenbach, which means "willow brook."

When queried by the writer of this article about his birth, Willoughby said he was an orphan and had never known his father, and finally said the *Who's Who* version of his biography was correct as far as he was concerned.

Monocles and Monuments

The details of Willoughby's career after his arrival in this country are less ambiguous. He came here in 1910, at the age of eighteen, and enlisted in the Army as Adolph Charles Weidenbach. Three years later, having reached the rank of sergeant, he left the service to enter the senior class of Gettysburg College in Pennsylvania. Graduated from Gettysburg, he studied for an M.A. at the University of Kansas at Lawrence and then taught languages at the Howe School for girls, in Howe, Indiana, and at Racine College in Wisconsin. Then in 1916 he re-entered the Army and was commissioned a second lieutenant of infantry. He served on the Mexican border and later was sent to France, where he took aviation training, flew as a pursuit pilot, and helped train Allied fliers.

After the First World War Willoughby reverted to his old branch, the infantry, and was presently sent as military attaché in turn to Venezuela, Colombia, and Ecuador. In the 1920's he was later assigned to various staff schools as an instructor and lecturer, and began building a brilliant reputation as a military historian and expert on military intelligence.

Most of those who have known Willoughby agree on his distinctly Prussian quality. "But," a fellow officer has said, "there's probably more of von Stroheim than von Rundstedt about him." He has always favored natty custom-tailored uniforms, and has at times sported a monocle. He possesses a strong sense of drama, which is often reflected in his mode of expression. He is remembered at the Army Command and General Staff School as one of the most gifted thespians ever to play romantic leads in the dramatic club. His literary style is well typified by his description of MacArthur's journey from Corregidor to Australia on orders from Washington as a "dramatic breakthrough" and in the characterization of a military history written while he was at Fort Benning as "monumental."

General MacArthur met Willoughby when the latter was a captain teaching at Fort Leavenworth in the mid-1930's, and was, according to legend, greatly impressed by him. In 1940 MacArthur, then serving as Field Marshal of the Philippine Commonwealth, sent for Willoughby and made him his supply officer, and then his Assistant Chief of Staff for Intelligence.

In Manila, Willoughby, who had shown a great affinity for genteel Hispanic atmosphere while an attaché in Latin America, began spending more and more time around the Spanish Club. Its members were mostly Spaniards who had been born in the Philippines but had chosen to maintain their allegiance to the motherland rather than to the new Commonwealth. The families that dominated the club controlled most of the wealth of the islands; moreover, fully eighty per cent of them were ardent Francoists and active Falangists. The most formidable names were those of the Sorianos, Elizaldes, Brias-Roxases, and Zobels, who among them held most of the strings of Philippine business and banking. Before long Willoughby became known as the close friend of Andres So-

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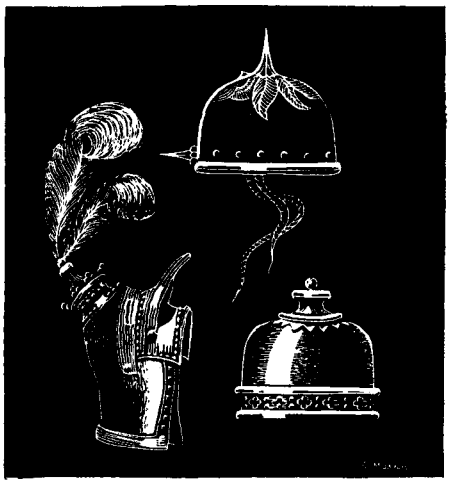
riano, the Spanish Club's most influential member and one of the richest men in the Philippines.

Soriano was not only Willoughby's friend; he was also the good friend of General MacArthur and of another principal MacArthur assistant, Major General Courtney Whitney, who before the war was a lawyer and promoter in Manila. Soriano had—and still has—mining interests, breweries, airlines, shipping, radio stations, textiles, jute plants, and the Philippine concessions for the products of many great American firms. During the Spanish Civil War, Soriano was the principal Franco supporter in the Philippines, making large contributions to the Falangist cause, serving as Franco's honorary consul general in Manila, and receiving the highest Franco decorations.

Under Two Flags

Just before Pearl Harbor, it was felt in Manila not only that war was imminent between Japan and the United States but that Franco would be in it, too, on the side of the Axis. In that event, Spanish holdings in the Philippines would certainly be impounded. Soriano rushed to divest himself of the Spanish citizenship he had hung on to so long and so proudly. The Civil Liberties Union of the Philippines contested in court his application for Philippine naturalization, holding that because of his previous political activities Soriano did not meet the requirements. Soriano, however, was quickly and quietly granted his papers.

When the Japanese attacked, Soriano volunteered and became a captain in the Philippine Army. He was at Bataan and Corregidor, and left the Philippines by plane with President Quezon shortly after MacArthur and Willoughby made their memorable dash to Australia by PT boat and plane.



Although he had been a Philippine citizen for only a few months, Soriano, who shortly thereafter arrived in Washington with Quezon, was named by the latter to serve as Secretary of Finance in the Philippine government-in-exile. There was criticism on the floor of Congress from Democratic Representative John Coffee of Washington about such a pronounced Francoist and Fascist being a member of a U.S.-supported Allied government while the United States was at war with the Fascist powers, and there were calls for Soriano's resignation. At this point Soriano received an invitation from MacArthur's headquarters in Australia to join the staff immediately as a colonel. Although Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes protested to Secretary of War Henry Stimson about the appointment, Soriano took the post, was with MacArthur and Willoughby in the triumphant return to the Philippines, and presently found himself serving the Supreme Commander as one of his two principal advisers on Philippine politics and business. According to one of his American fellow officers in Manila who was responsible for investigating collaborationist charges, Soriano was able on occasion to use his position to protect some of the old friends in the Spanish Club who had survived the Japanese occupation remarkably well.

Gallantry and Hyperbole

Of Willoughby's bravery there is no doubt. On Bataan, while on detached reconnaissance, he rallied a company whose captain had been badly wounded under heavy mortar and machine-gun fire and led it back into action. For his heroism at Buna, that ghastly early jungle battle of the Second World War, he was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross.

But Willoughby's real job was, after all, intelligence, not command of troops. During the war, the writer observed at first hand the results of much intelligence work by Willoughby that was sound and effective. Many correspondents and military historians, however, have pointed to a number of striking miscalculations.

In early 1944, in the largest landing of the Pacific war to that date, four infantry divisions were employed in connection with taking Hollandia, Dutch New Guinea. Willoughby had reported sizable Japanese forces there. The entire Pacific Fleet stood out to sea screening the landing. Surrendering to this mighty force, there appeared some two thousand frightened Japanese warehouse and supply troops. Because of wartime censorship and the fact that the operation was theoretically in line with MacArthur's policy of "hitting them where they ain't," the intelligence misappraisal was conveniently filed and forgotten.

Counterintelligence Snafu

The inadequacy of U.S. counterintelligence operations at the beginning of the occupation of Japan, although not primarily Willoughby's responsibility, has been directly attributed to his influence. Before the occupation began, Willoughby told this reporter, "We are going into Japan in battle formation and most of counterintelligence won't arrive in Japan for six weeks."

The "battle-formation" plan had been worked out because of the likelihood of last-ditch kamikaze attacks by young Japanese fanatics. But counterintelligence was not under Willoughby's command, although he had often tried to get control of it, and for this reason, among others, it was generally believed that he had used his top-echelon influence to ensure that it received a low priority for transportation to Japan.

As a result of this decision, the writer and others who were in Tokyo when the occupation began watched the Japanese Foreign Office, Radio Tokyo,

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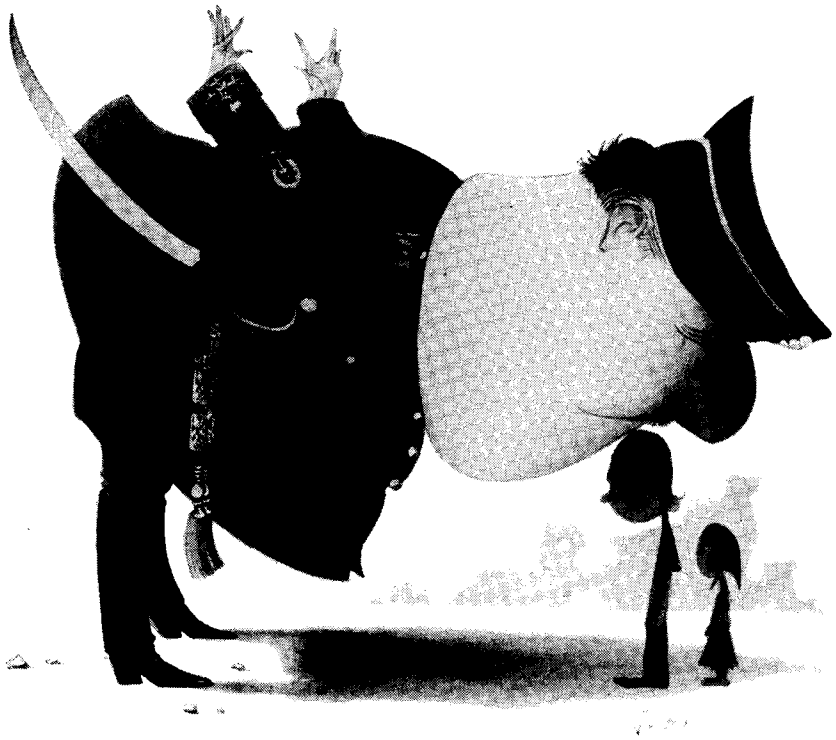
and the military openly burning in the streets documents and records they did not want our authorities to see, with no counterintelligence men there to stop them.

General Robert Eichelberger, then commanding our Eighth Army, lacked the benefit of counterintelligence advice when he welcomed as a "nice fellow" the commander of the Japanese First Army in Yokohama, General Doihara, who, as Japan's top army intelligence officer, had engineered the 1931 "incident" leading to Japan's taking over Manchuria. It was only the next day, after Eichelberger's action had been reported in the States, that MacArthur personally ordered Doihara's arrest.

One evening not long after the occupation began, there was a raid on the Hotel Marunuchi by American M.P.s looking for a ring of black-market operators. Unfortunately, the M.P.s disturbed the occupants of a suite where General Willoughby was having dinner with the stranded Italian Fascist Ambassador to Japan and members of his staff. While serving as military attaché in Ecuador, Willoughby had received a decoration from Mussolini's government—the Order of Saints Maurizio and Lazzaro. The General was furious at being disturbed in his entertainment, and gave the M.P.s a good piece of his mind.



Publishing Venture

What was probably intended to be Willoughby's most "monumental" achievement—but turned out to be his least publicized venture—was the great Tokyo historical project. This was to be a three- or four-volume glorification of the war in the Pacific as conducted by MacArthur. Originally begun by G-3 in 1943 as a routine record, it was reassigned to G-2 in the fall of 1946 by order of MacArthur who was dissatisfied with the progress being made.

Willoughby took over with his usual flair for the dramatic. He not only assigned much of the G-2 staff to work on it, but added to SCAP's payroll an impressive group of fifteen or more former Japanese admirals, generals, and colonels to contribute their testimony to the story of MacArthur's triumphs. Presently the mushrooming historical unit occupied an entire floor of the Nippon Yusen Kaisha Building, one of the largest in Tokyo. Its work was shrouded in particularly dense secrecy. Everyone was required to destroy his notes and other papers when finished with them and to sign out for any material taken from the unit. At the printing plant, manuscripts were given special security handling, and after every press run the waste paper was collected and burned.

Ultimately the project was reduced to three volumes, entitled *Campaigns of MacArthur in the Pacific, Japanese Operations Against MacArthur,* and *MacArthur in Japan: Military Phases.* Willoughby devoted most of his personal attention to the second volume, *Japanese Operations,* since he had conceived the idea and had hired the Japanese specialists to help him. He intended it to be the finest literary and artistic creation of its kind. Several who saw page proofs in Tokyo report that it is indeed a magnificent job, ornamented by fine maps and fifteen or twenty color plates—many of the latter from specially commissioned paintings by prominent Japanese artists.

Up to the fall of 1949, progress reports on the history were occasionally sent to the Pentagon. After that date they were abruptly discontinued. The reason, according to employees of the unit, was very simple: The Pentagon had reserved the right to review and edit the history before publication. Since MacArthur intended the work to be the basis of his personal memoirs, such interference could not be tolerated.

The Pentagon Waits

That was the last the Pentagon heard of the project—at least officially. By the end of 1950 the three volumes (numbering well over 3,000 pages together) were completed, assembled in four sets of bound page proof, and were packed off to the U.S. in MacArthur's luggage when he made his farewell to Tokyo a few months later. All other records of the project were ordered destroyed.

On the basis of physical cost per volume, it was probably the most expensive publishing venture of our time. It was certainly the most mysterious.

This account of the historical project is based on the testimony of a number of people who worked on it. When asked about it recently, however, General Willoughby refused to concede that such a history existed at all. The General brushed the matter aside, saying that the only historical work his G-2 staff had undertaken in Tokyo was the preparation of twelve or more volumes of routine monographs on various aspects of the Pacific war, all of which had been sent to Washington and were in current use.

It is definitely known, however, that the Pentagon has been trying for a long

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time to get hold of a set of the three "master" volumes, perhaps to discover how the Pacific war came out. To date it has had no success. The Office of Military History, Department of the Army, showed a certain embarrassment when queried about the matter.

"We have no copies," they said. "We have never seen them." What has happened to the four sets is known presumably only to General MacArthur and perhaps to General Willoughby.

Spies and Saboteurs

In Tokyo General Willoughby also devoted himself to the study of materials from the Japanese secret-service files on the case of Richard Sorge, a German Communist who had established a successful Soviet spy apparatus in Tokyo during the war. Sorge had gained the confidence of the Nazi Ambassador to Japan, had become the Embassy's press attaché, and had then fed to Moscow an enormous stream of information about the military plans of the Rome-Berlin-Tokyo Axis. He had been apprehended and executed by the Japanese just before Pearl Harbor.

Willoughby's research on the Sorge case resulted in his book *Shanghai Conspiracy,* which gave a detailed account of Red espionage in Japan, and revealed the parts played by various American Communists.

No account of Willoughby's activities in Tokyo is fully illuminating unless it includes something about his vendettas with critics, non-admirers, and those guilty of lèse-majesté against MacArthur. It is said that Willoughby sometimes devoted as much energy to his dossiers on newspaper infidels and heretics as he did to his reports on enemy troop dispositions.

One of the most interesting cases was that of William Costello of the Columbia Broadcasting System, who decided early in the game that he preferred digging up his own material about Japanese conditions rather than using the MacArthur handouts. He was complimented by his home office, but in Tokyo he began to hear subtle hints and suggestions that the Supreme Commander was distressed. The erring reporter was subjected to a war of nerves. A friend called and casually dropped the information that Costello had better watch himself, because counter-intelligence agents had informed them that G-2 had in its possession his old "Communist card" from California. Costello had never been a Communist, a sympathizer, an innocent fronter, or a Californian, and he was not impressed. The same kind of reports and gossip cropped out at other levels in occupation circles. Costello fought back. At dinners, cocktail parties, and official interviews, he spoke his mind openly and vigorously about General Willoughby. The showdown came in the spring and summer of 1948, when General MacArthur's chief of staff repeated at a dinner party the unsupported assertion that Costello was a Communist. The latter, knowing that Willoughby's agents monitored all outgoing press cables, promptly wired his home office that he had traced the slander directly to its source and was preparing to take action. The feud ended officially some weeks later when General Willoughby's secretary telephoned and invited Costello to an elaborate stag dinner that the General was giving.

Family Feuds

There has been much evidence that the Bataan Boys were not among themselves a happy family, and that Willoughby and Whitney were constantly feuding for MacArthur's favor, with Whitney generally winning out. In Tokyo, Willoughby tried to wrest the main role in military government away from Whitney, but failed. Earlier, in the second Manila chapter, he had tried to get counterintelligence away from Brigadier General Elliot Thorpe (not a Bataan Boy) and had failed there too. This has been given as a reason for his apparent obstructionism toward counterintelligence during the entry into Japan. He was particularly annoyed with Thorpe because in Manila the counterintelligence chief insisted on investigating Soriano's Falangist friends.

Soriano became a United States citizen in 1945, again with the recommendation of General MacArthur and again over the protest of Harold Ickes. Said Ickes: "I wrote immediately to the judge who had granted him an honor which, in my opinion, he did not merit. The judge replied that there had been presented to him a eulogistic letter over the signature of General MacArthur, acclaiming the character of Colonel Soriano and supporting his aspirations for American citizenship."

In Tokyo in 1949, Willoughby boasted to this writer about how he had kept General William J. Donovan's O.S.S. operatives out of MacArthur's theater during the Second World War and had done "a better job far cheaper" with his own organization. In 1950, after Admiral Joy, then ranking naval commander in Korea, and the Air Force brass had praised the Central Intelligence Agency, the successor of O.S.S., for doing the job behind the lines before the Inchon landings in September, General Willoughby took public exception, and continued to make life somewhat less than easy for the C.I.A. in Korea.

Korea: Alarums and Excursions

In the months before the Korean War began, Willoughby was filing regular reports with the Pentagon. In these reports Willoughby actually called the turn in Korea with surprising accuracy. In January, 1950, he predicted a North Korean invasion for April. In March he revised his estimate and said the attack would come in June—as it did. The difficulty was that Willoughby had acquired a reputation, justly or unjustly, for doctoring his reports to cover all contingencies, and for crying "Wolf!" about once a month.

One correspondent explained, "Willoughby on the one hand tried to claim he had predicted the original North Korean invasion, and on the other hand he tried to disavow responsibility for intelligence in that area." In justice to Willoughby—since he did issue warnings and since guessing the timing of an aggressor's offensive is never an exact science—he probably did as much as possible in the circumstances.

But it is also a fact that when John Foster Dulles was briefed by General Willoughby a day or two before the

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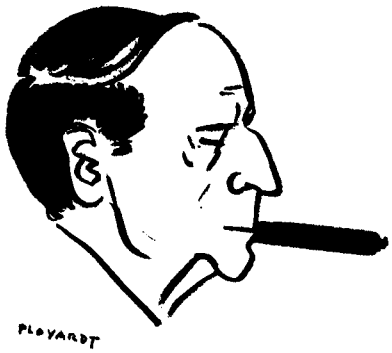

Douglas MacArthur

outbreak of the Korean War, the G-2 chief made no predictions about Korea. Instead, he warned of dangers in Hong Kong, Indo-China, and the Philippines.

The weeks of the Yalu River debacle at the end of 1950 were exceedingly trying ones for Willoughby. He wanted to make everyone feel that he had reported that the Chinese were massing at the Yalu and had warned that they would attack, and at the same time he found it embarrassing to explain why MacArthur had not heeded his warnings and had gone ahead with his "home-by-Christmas" offensive with an inadequate force. Willoughby revealed in a Madrid speech this year that he did not know when the Chinese crossed into Korea.

The Great Profile

Many American correspondents recall Willoughby's famous "profile conference" in connection with the Yalu disaster. In an extraordinary session with the press, during which Willoughby mopped his brow a good deal, the General offered the newspapermen the following explanation:

That when MacArthur ordered the "end of the war" and "home-by-Christmas" offensive, he *did* know that his troops faced an enemy potential of 300,000 men on *both* sides of the Yalu.

That there were thirty Chinese divisions—about 200,000 men—massed on the north side of the Yalu within marching distance of the front.

That the Chinese began crossing the Yalu "piecemeal" in mid-October, 1950.

When asked why MacArthur ordered his offensive in the face of information that he was outnumbered three to one, Willoughby replied, "We couldn't just sit passively by. We had to attack and find out the enemy's profile."

"Finding a profile," according to some military men, is purely a reconnaissance task, for which a commander can use a large force, but not generally his whole army, as seems to have been the case in the Yalu defeat. In any event, General Willoughby was furious with correspondents who questioned the logic of the operation.

Speculation about Willoughby's exact responsibility in the matter will probably not end until all of the SCAP records are gone over by some conscientious and impartial historian. There is, of course, the possibility that Willoughby served as the whipping boy, but his loyalty to his old chief would probably prevent him from ever divulging what really happened.

The 'Rag-Pickers'

After his retirement Willoughby launched a broadside in *Cosmopolitan* against certain correspondents and commentators who had rapped MacArthur's strategy. His targets included Homer Bigart of the New York *Herald Tribune,* one of the most able war correspondents and a Pulitzer Prize winner; Hal Boyle, front-line correspondent for the Associated Press; Hanson Baldwin, military specialist of the New York *Times;* Joseph Alsop, syndicated columnist; and Drew Pearson, columnist and radio commentator. There was nothing diplomatic in Willoughby's handling of these MacArthur critics; to him they were "rag-pickers of American literature," addicted to "yellow journalism" and "sensational exaggeration," whose reporting furnished "aid and comfort to the enemy."

The men under attack, a notably vocal group, all replied with vigor. The mildest reply was that of Hanson Baldwin, who said: "As an intelligence officer, General Willoughby was widely and justly criticized by Pentagon officials as well as in the papers. His . . . article is as misleading and inaccurate as were some of his intelligence reports." Gordon Walker, correspondent and now assistant foreign editor of the *Christian Science Monitor,* said: "There is strong evidence . . . that General MacArthur's staff withheld its own intelligence information on Chinese intervention . . . from the President and from front-line corps and division commanders. . . . Front-line commanders ordered their troops into battle without prior knowledge that they faced overwhelming odds..."

Homecoming

When Willoughby got back to the United States from Spain last month, his plans seemed highly indefinite. He emphasized to this writer that he had returned not aboard a Spanish liner, as he had gone over, but on a T.W.A. plane. He spoke wistfully of General Albert Wedemeyer's Taftist organization, which he had joined a few weeks before the Eisenhower deluge at the Republican Convention. Despite his remark last year, "I expect to join [MacArthur] to offer whatever modest services I can render," he had been in the country for several days and had received no summons from the Waldorf Towers.

People who know both Whitney and Willoughby say that in any struggle between them for MacArthur's favor, Whitney was bound to win. Willoughby, they say, was always flattering and ornamental, but Whitney, with his background as a corporation lawyer, his business connections in the Philippines, and his utility as a general mouthpiece, could always be of more value to MacArthur. One proof of this seems to be that Whitney has remained at the Waldorf Towers taking care of the world's greatest military commander's public and private relations, while Willoughby has recently had to content himself with the world's second greatest military commander, Francisco Franco.

Courtney Whitney

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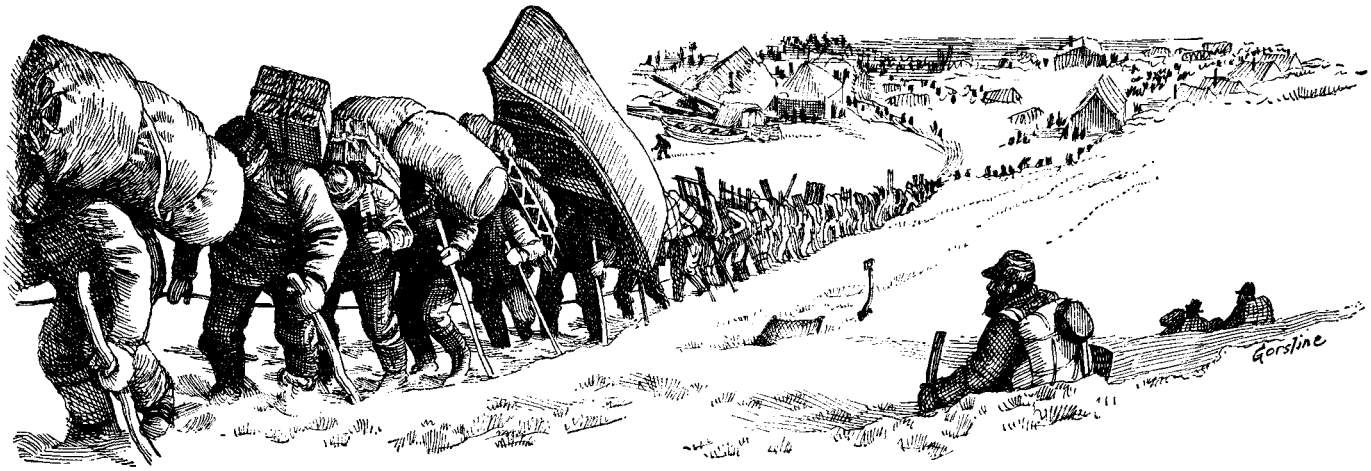

The Future Senator From Alaska

RICHARD L. NEUBERGER

EARLY this year when the Senate sent the Alaska statehood bill back to committee by one vote, 45 to 44, a deeply interested observer seated in the gallery predicted that Alaska's fight for statehood would be won next time. That observer had good reason to be confident: He could look back to 1939 when President Roosevelt had appointed him Alaska's Governor, and could measure the progress made since then.

It would be hard to find a more incongruous symbol of Alaska than sixty-five-year-old Ernest Gruening. Born in midtown New York City, before going north he had been occupied through most of his adult life with Latin America. He had studied at Harvard to be a surgeon, won his M.D. degree, and then put aside his scalpel to become an editor of such varied publications as the Boston *Traveler*, the *Nation*, and the New York *Evening Post*.

Who would suppose that the author of a book called *Mexico and Its Heritage* would eventually become the most influential person in Alaskan history since 1867, when Secretary of State William H. Seward paid Russia $7,200,000 for those 586,400 square miles of unpromising territory?

When Gruening arrived thirteen years ago at the most remote seat of government on this continent, widespread indignation prevailed in Juneau. Not only was he a New Yorker; representatives of Alaska's many monopolies whispered that he was also a New Dealer. The new Governor's wife even looked like Eleanor Roosevelt. The hostility spread into government bureaus and even to outlying settlements.

If Alaska achieves statehood soon, one of the two United States Senators from the State of Alaska is sure to be Ernest Gruening. Even his bitterest adversaries concede that. "The election wouldn't even be close," one of them in the salmon-packing town of Petersburg told me disgustedly.

To the Doctor on Snowshoes

Before Gruening's arrival in Alaska, the enormous northern realm reveled in a kind of loose-jointed political anarchy. The territory's bureaucrats, 5,500 miles away from Washington, saw no reason to challenge the men who were draining Alaska's resources. Not a single general tax was levied for Territorial purposes—no sales tax, no income tax, no property tax. "Alaska is the most lightly taxed entity under the American flag," said the new Governor, implying his strong disapproval.

There were certain tangible evidences of this lack of revenue. Alaska had the world's highest death rate from tuberculosis, yet there were few clinics or hospitals to isolate advanced and highly contagious cases. There was not even a full-time Commissioner of Health. Roads were a rarity. A cannery owner could pay a bush pilot $250 to fly him five hundred miles, but a homesteader with a pregnant wife had no doctor or nurse nearer than five desperate days on snowshoes.

Indians and Eskimos and Aleuts made up thirty per cent of Alaska's population. Their ancestors had seen George Vancouver arrive in H.M.S. *Discovery*, but now these people had no genuine part in the life of the Territory, and were excluded arbitrarily from many restaurants, barbershops, and hotels.

Gruening moved into a political vacuum. He demanded that the legislature at Juneau enact a civil-rights law. He called for taxes. He pointed out that Federal "regulation" of the immensely valuable salmon industry was in reality no regulation at all. He

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sought a Department of Health to fight tuberculosis. As a doctor, he could cite with authority the fact that the disease, rampant among the natives, was gradually spreading to the white population. Was each restaurant glass to be a potential killer? Natives might be barred from public eating places, but many of them were working as dishwashers. The discrimination was social rather than scientific.

Of course, all the new Governor's recommendations were rejected at first. Gruening had expected this. But he ordered U.S. marshals to place ballot boxes and poll books in Eskimo and Indian villages at the next election. He flew into Aleut outposts where no Governor ever had been before. New faces appeared in the legislature. A man who had said the natives were "but shortly removed from savagery" came no more to Juneau. One or two Tlingits with chicory skins and coarse black hair sat in Territorial senate chairs, and a full-blooded Indian, Frank Peratrovich, was elected to preside over it.

A civil-rights bill with teeth became law. "Native heaven" was abolished in the balconies of Alaskan theaters. The Indians and Eskimos could look at Betty Grable downstairs with the white people. Earl Albrecht, a medical missionary, created a Department of Health and recruited doctors and nurses from all over the United States. The *Hygiene,* a converted Navy vessel 125 feet long, cruised into granite fiords and ice-dotted inlets to take chest X rays among the tribes. In some places the incidence of active pulmonary tuberculosis was twenty per cent. Hospitals were hurriedly constructed at strategic points.

At Gruening's bidding, the legislature passed a Territorial income and corporation tax which was fixed at ten per cent of the Federal tax. The corporations immediately fought the law in the courts. A few months ago they lost, and their impounded money will flow to the Territorial treasury. New roads are under construction, and the portion of the Alaska Highway that is inside the Territory is being paved. Last year, for the first time, more people traveled to Alaska by land than by sea or air. More than twenty-two thousand reached Fairbanks over the graveled highway with its majestic bridges, and at least six thousand of these stayed in the North. Since 1940 Alaska had had a seventy-seven per cent population increase, greater proportionately than even California's. The present inhabitants number 128,000—more than those of many a state at the time of its admission to the Union.

But Gruening has yet to win his big fight. In his opinion, without statehood Alaska will be helpless to prevent the destruction of its natural resources.

The salmon industry is his principal case in point. To its owners this vast enterprise is worth more than $60 million a year, or nearly nine times the total purchase price of Alaska. Yet Alaskans cannot control this great source of wealth. Fish traps, huge chambers of timber and netting, catch a large share of the salmon. These traps are set near the mouths of rivers up which the fish surge to spawn. Most of them are owned by absentees—packers living in Seattle or widows taking the sun in Santa Barbara or Tucson.

Fish traps have been outlawed by all other geographic sovereignties bordering on Pacific waters where salmon congregate. This includes the States of Washington, Oregon, and California and the Province of British Columbia. Only in Alaska are these ravenous slaughterers of fish still legal. The Territorial legislature, prodded by Gruening and public opinion, would outlaw the traps in twenty-four hours—if it had the power to do so. In 1948, in a referendum, Alaskans voted nearly 7 to 1 for doing away with the devices.

But Congress must decide this issue, as long as statehood does not come to pass. A Territory has no real authority over its own resources. And Congress has pigeonholed innumerable prayers, pleas, and petitions from Alaska to do away with fish traps. After all, the salmon packers in the States can participate in Presidential elections and they can contribute handsomely to Congressional elections. Fish traps are a source of wealth to these men, for they catch salmon without making it necessary to split the take with the crews of trawlers.

Deep South Against Far North

For a time some Alaskan newspapers claimed that Gruening was talking through his hat when he said that the Territory favored statehood. But as far back as 1946, the Alaskans overwhelmingly decided by referendum that they did want it.

It remains to be settled in the United States Senate. Much of the opposition has been provided by Southern Senators because they fear that Alaskan members—particularly Governor Gruening—would be strong for civil rights. Senator Taft has opposed statehood on the ground that Alaska is not economically self-sufficient. This year the opposition prevailed. Governor Gruening believes that it cannot prevail for long.

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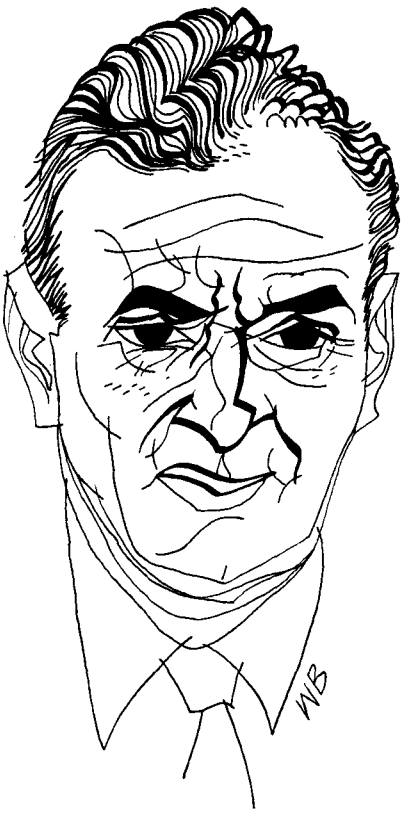
Brave New World In a Potato Field

JAMES MUNVES



William J. Levitt

AROUND the middle of July, Levittown begins to wilt. My lawn, which glowed green in May and June, gradually turns the color of corn flakes, and burnt leaves flutter from the sixteen shrubs, the seven young oaks, the little willow, and the two apple trees, in a kind of premature autumn. As likely as not, the deaths of the cypress and the spiraea, the peach tree and pear tree, were consequences of my own ineptitude rather than of any deficiencies in the soil of what used to be a Long Island potato field. Levitt & Sons, Inc., manufacturers of this vast new residential district thirty-seven miles from Manhattan out on Long Island, cannot be blamed for this decay. They have been generous with vegetation.

The highest mortality rate has been among the oaks and maples planted exactly twenty-five feet apart along the two hundred miles of lanes that wind through the four thousand acres on which stand 17,447 houses. Trees take less kindly to being moved than plants and shrubs, but the corporation has faced up to this infirmity with determination. Each fall the dead are replaced with fresh saplings. In the older parts of Levittown as many as four trees have been planted on a single spot. The corporation's solicitude for growing things reveals, I have been told, the fond interest of Abraham Levitt, an elderly ex-nurseryman, in the building enterprise of his sons. But Willian V. and Alfred Levitt stopped building here last summer, and there is a feeling—now that they have become immersed in their vast new Bucks County, Pennsylvania, project—that Abraham Levitt has renewed his last tree here.

A friend of mine telephoned the old gentleman last winter to ask if one of the empty sample houses which the multitudes of potential customers had been permitted to examine might be purchased for use as a co-operative nursery school. "We're through with *this* Levittown," Mr. Levitt said. "We're working in Pennsylvania."

"What are you going to do with those houses, then?" my friend asked.

"Dynamite 'em," Mr. Levitt said. "That's valuable property they're on."

Abraham Levitt's final comment shows that Levitt & Sons is not completely through with Levittown. The Boulevard Company, a Levitt subsidiary, still manages the rental of 1,392 "Cape Cod" houses here. (The first 5,987 dwellings, erected in 1947 and 1948, were simple, well-proportioned structures of this type, for rent only. Four thousand of these have since been sold to real-estate operators, and another 595 to their tenants.) A few weeks ago, the corporation sold sixty-six stores, five gasoline stations, a "little theater," and two bowling alleys to Webb & Knapp. Eventually, it is expected, Macy's or some other large department store will pay the Levitts a handsome price for the "valuable property" on which the sample houses stand, since it is right in the center of Levittown and fronts 1,200 feet on Hempstead Turnpike, the broad thoroughfare that bisects the communty from east to west.

No Lumps

The grass grows greener, taxes rise, and the builder's influence subsides. Most of my neighbors have dug Levitt's shrubs out of the regular rows in which his men planted them and replaced them in patterns more pleasing to their individual tastes. As the hedges grow thicker and the occasional stand of nonregulation birches grows higher, the things the corporation has supplied become less obvious. But except for privet, lilacs, and hydrangea, and for such minor physical changes as the driveways and garages that some have added to their homes, Levittown looks just about as it did when I moved here two years ago. A friend of mine named Dave Barnum, a drugstore proprietor who lives on Bucket Lane, has been here since the beginning. In 1948, he recalls, the failure of a local business became general knowledge overnight. Last year, he notes, a Levitt house burned pretty near down to the ground, and half of Levittown still doesn't know it.

Dave's father, a retired New England farmer, winters with him. "Levittown is six miles one way, got as many people in it as Quincy," he remarked to his son last February, "and every place full of boys and girls and babies. But the place is like molasses, nothing lumpy in it. Gooey, if you know what I mean."

Only Three Suicides

Levittown is not a place for the middle-aged. Half the population of Levittown is under seven. A garden apartment house erected here last year

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(like the largest shopping center in Levittown, it was not built by Levitt) is largely rented out to grandparents of these children. In the last two years, three members of this age group committed suicide. They were the only suicides here.

Motives for Migration

It is difficult to evoke the feelings I had regarding Levittown when I purchased my home two years ago. "The kitchen is in the front," I remember the advertisements exclaiming, "where it belongs!" This positioning of the kitchen, like all the most-publicized features of the houses and the community, was not original. The houses in Radburn, New Jersey, constructed twenty-three years ago by Alexander Bing, employed it. As a planned community, incidentally, Levittown does not match Radburn, where the children's safety was intelligently provided for by means of cul-de-sacs, service drives, underpasses, and other protections against automobiles.

I suspect that most of my neighbors, like myself, remember what they escaped when they moved to Levittown rather than what they hoped to find. To the great majority of its residents, Levittown represented the best of a limited number of solutions to a desperate housing problem. In our case it was an unheated house in Northport. The family of four that lives just south of us was cramped up in one room of a relative's apartment in Manhattan. Levittown is preferable to that; it is also preferable to the rows of identical white houses set up by other builders like grave markers in army cemeteries.

The necessary uniformity of the houses has been somewhat alleviated by variations in color, exterior design, and distance from the street. And no other houses at the price (at one point veterans were able to purchase these homes without a down payment of any kind, with thirty-year mortgages that required monthly payments of only $54, including taxes) came with parks, playgrounds, and community swimming pools. This is not to say that Levittown is beautiful. If no neighboring houses in any direction are identical, the diversity, like the architecture of the "ranch" houses sold in 1949, 1950, and 1951, is utilitarian rather than aesthetic. It is charm of a sort, but like the face of a pin-up girl, it lacks character.

The place is flat and full of straight lines. The trees will be a big improvement when they are fully grown. But as it is now, there are no strollers in Levittown.

With washing machines, picture windows, tax increases, and a wide range of common past experiences (a surprising number of Levittown families lived previously in Stuyvesant Town, a middle-income housing project in Manhattan), neighboring housewives have always visited freely here. Existence in a small detached house cannot be anonymous, as it sometimes is in an apartment house. There is no demarcation between bordering plots in Levittown. Abraham Levitt once wrote in his column in the Levittown *Tribune*, a weekly paper owned by the corporation, that everyone's supposed to feel as if he's living in the middle of a park. Fences and hedges are discouraged. It is difficult for neighbors not to know one another.

The In-Group Spirit

Neighborhood liaisons retain precedence over formal organizations. Housewives in leotards posture in the auditorium of the spacious community hall that was erected by Levitt & Sons in the northwest corner of the development, and the work of the Island Artists League is exhibited in the foyer. There are at least 130 different organizations in Levittown, according to Richard Geruso, manager of the community hall, but less than eight per cent of their activities, he has found, are of a general community nature.

This lack of community feeling proceeds from the fact that Levittown is not really a community. It has been on the map since 1948, but it has not yet acquired an atmosphere of stability and permanence. Those who commute to work use three different railroad stations, not one of which is designated Levittown. Whatever unity we residents may possess as customers of the same corporation is broken up by the many different governmental units in which we find ourselves. Like other unincorporated parts of Nassau County, Levittown is administered by a multitude of municipalities and by special fire, water, garbage, lighting, and school districts.

In such a complexity of taxing agencies, it is difficult for us to have a clear idea of what our tax rates are. The amount of taxes, as well as the quantity and quality of services, varies from district to district. Next fall, for example, children living in houses at one end of Herald Lane will attend school on a single-session basis, while those at the other end will study in two shifts. And at the present time, the fathers of the children who will get double-session educations are threatened with a school tax $50 higher than those living in the other district.

A City Built on Slabs

Not one of the many different governmental districts into which we are divided is inhabited exclusively by people who live in Levitt houses. In two of the four school districts and in many of the other subdivisions, Levitt homeowners are in the minority. But in all districts, we are the largest distinct group of residents, and there is constant friction between those who live in Levitt's houses and those who do not. A resident of one of the older neighborhoods who was assigned one of the new Levittown telephone numbers complained that he would now have to explain to everybody that his house had a cellar. (None of Levitt's houses do; they are built on slabs.)

At the present time there is some talk of incorporating Levittown, but it will probably be many years before the community is capable of such organized political activity.

For one thing, the men who might

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provide community leadership are still finishing off their attics. For another, the people haven't become sufficiently acquainted to know who, exactly, is to be trusted. In this strange era, when a man's past associations must be known in addition to the cause he bespeaks, Levittown, where no man's past is known, is a kind of jungle. The smear tactic works very well here. In the recent school-board elections, two of the three best-qualified candidates in one district were defeated by being called Communists.

Lost Weekend House'

It will be some time before all the attics are finished. Except for the 2,401 models sold in 1951 ("ranch" houses with one room finished upstairs), every Levitt house has come with an expansion attic. Because of this cave of beams and insulation between the first-floor ceiling and the roof, Abraham Sperling, an architect who lives on Thimble Lane, calls the Levitt house the "Lost Weekend house." An owner who substitutes his labor for that of others can add, at reasonable expense, two rooms and a bath to his Levitt house. "This," Mr. Sperling says, "represents sixty good days of work."

It is too early to tell what is to become of Levittown. The population is still too fluid. At present, ten per cent of the Levitt houses change hands each year, and I would guess that a majority of the residents are always hoping to move to better quarters. Those who move in, it seems, are as transient-minded as those they replace. This does not augur well for such permanent improvements as school construction.

"This is a young community," says Dave Barnum. "It's young, five years old, and it's going no place. We are, but Levittown isn't. They call these 'dormitory communities' out here, because they are mostly places for people to sleep in who work pretty far away. Well, Levittown is like a bed in a third-rate hotel; nobody's going to make it when we leave." As soon as he gets enough money together, Dave's going to move away.

The one very surprising thing about Levittown is the low incidence of felonies—much lower, in proportion to the population, than that in any other portion of Nassau County. The two principal police problems are lost children and Peeping Toms. "It's all those big windows, and people living on the ground floor," says Police Inspector Andrew Kirk in explanation of the second problem.

No murder has yet been committed in Levittown. (A Levittown housewife asphyxiated her two infants recently, but she drove them to Bay Shore to do it.) A couple of supermarkets and the movie theater have been held up, but by outsiders. "Levittown has its thieves living in it," the Inspector says, "hiding out there, and operating in the city. Some have been caught, but it's simply amazing how quiet the place is."

As Dave Barnum says, Levittown is a young community. There are seven nursery schools in the area, only three bars, no funeral parlors—nothing much dies here except Abraham Levitt's saplings—and there are plans for a forty-bed maternity hospital. Adultery is not uncommon. A taxi driver I know reports that he frequently drives amorous couples from one of the Long Island Rail Road stations to separate houses in Levittown. "The law of averages will catch up," Inspector Kirk says. "There'll be a murder in Levittown yet."

Meanwhile all we have to worry about are the Japanese beetles that are chewing up our Rose of Sharon bushes. And about lightning. The young trees are all shorter than the houses. Last summer six houses were struck.

(Advertisement)

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THE WORLD IN PEACE SHALL BE

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PIANO ACCOMPANIMENT (Melody Prominent)
"WE THE PEO-PLE" OF THE NA-TIONS, WITH U-NIT-ED HEARTS PRO-CLAIM:
WE CAN MAKE U- NIT- ED NA-TIONS, FOR THE CHOICE IS MINE AND YOURS;
BUILD THE ROAD OF PEACE BE-FORE US, BUILD IT WIDE AND DEEP AND LONG;

WE WILL MAKE U- NIT- ED NA-TIONS IN THE WORLD, A LIV- ING FLAME.
WE CAN SAVE THE MIGHT-Y NA-TIONS, FROM THE END-LESS CHAIN OF WARS.
SPEED THE SLOW AND CHECK THE EA-GER, HELP THE WEAK, AND CURB THE STRONG.

accel — retard

ALL
WE THE PEO-PLE OF THE NA-TIONS, WITH U- NIT- ED HEARTS A-GREE,
WE THE PEO-PLE OF THE NA-TIONS, WITH U- NIT- ED HEARTS A-GREE,
NONE SHALL PUSH A-SIDE AN- OTH-ER, NONE SHALL LET AN- OTH- ER FALL.

slightly retarded

PRELUDE
WE WILL MAKE "U- NIT- ED NA-TIONS" AND THE WORLD IN PEACE SHALL BE.
WE WILL MAKE "U- NIT- ED NA-TIONS" AND THE WORLD IN PEACE SHALL BE.
MARCH BE-SIDE ME, OH, MY BRO-THER, ALL FOR ONE, AND ONE FOR ALL.
Sopranos and piano use small notes at finale only.

Arr. by R. Rosencranz Jan. 1, 1952

3rd verse from "LEAGUE OF NATIONS SONG" 1935. Rights granted, on Public-Service basis, for Words of verses 1 and 2, by T. Sabine, and for Words of verse 3, by Josephine D. Bacon, to EVANSVILLE COLLEGE LIBRARY, Evansville, Indiana, U.S.A., sponsoring

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Television Hits Hollywood

RICHARD DONOVAN

Some day, when television shall have possessed everyone, historians will start leafing angrily back to find out how it all began. When they get to Hollywood, which by then undoubtedly will have fulfilled prophecy and become the television entertainment capital of the world, they will be confronted by a mass of information supplied by the 450 or so reporters who cover this Los Angeles suburb daily. This will be helpful. But the historians had better be prepared for serious gaps in the coverage.

They will find, for example, no mention of a harried writer of B movies named Nat Tanchuck. Yet it was he who, in 1938, in a Los Angeles garage, staged the first television show ever seen in the future TV capital—an interview program featuring the dancer Ann Miller, and witnessed by three radio mechanics on a homemade set. The pioneer Tanchuck never got much further in television.

The historians will also find little or no mention of the debate over which was to become Hollywood's chosen TV instrument: the live-talent show, which is gone forever after one performance, or the TV film show, which can be run and sold again and again, like a movie. Yet this was the pivotal television argument in Hollywood in the dawn years 1949 through 1951, and is still going on.

Worst of all, perhaps, historians who will want to know what the common people were doing when television hit Hollywood will get no help from the reporters. For they, as always, were concentrating exclusively on such powerful facts as these: TV coverage of the Los Angeles area jumped from one station and some fifty thousand sets in 1947 to seven stations and over two million sets in 1951; the major movie producers, fearing for their $2.5-billion investment in theater real estate, were pretending television did not exist; the advertising agencies, which seem to be the principal inheritors of TV in spite of what they did to radio, were wrapping up sponsors wholesale; NBC was planning vast TV plant expansions in Hollywood and CBS was building a $11-million television studio near the Hollywood ball park; all networks were in full cry after big-name movie people, comedians mostly, and were offering up to $13 million (in the case of Red Skelton) to those who would sign seven-year contracts.

A New Gold Rush

All very important. But nowhere any mention of how the man in the street reacted to all this activity. No mention of what happened when the big rumor got around that TV was the movies all over again, and that any man might make his fortune in it if he got in early enough with a good idea. Not a word about the shock troops—the legion of pitchmen, producers, writers, promoters, directors, grifters, actors, girls, agents, and moneyfinders on the fringe or on the make, or about thousands of local citizens (who might as well have lived in Omaha for all their connection with local entertainment) who saw that the new electric eye had a golden lash and who went through every contortion known to man trying to get it to wink at them.

Since this seems to me a grievous omission, I will try to fill the historians in on it.

What were the shock troops doing the day the genie got out of the tube?

Sam Arkin was making a pilot film—a sample TV movie (a short and simplified version of the real article) on a subject that might possibly interest a sponsor. Arkin was a Los Angeles shoe manufacturer who had never ventured out of the footgear field. But when everybody started getting television ideas, he got one—"Famous Shoes of History." It was a good idea. A lot of big people wore shoes—George Washington, Catherine the Great, Nero, Rita Hayworth. You could build the show around the shoes they had had on when something historical happened to them—those Nero wore during the fire, for instance, or the shoes Miss Hayworth wore when . . . well, almost anytime. Arkin mentioned the idea to an agent he knew and was advised to make a pilot film on this subject and cash in early on the big profits waiting in television. He took the advice.

Unfortunately, Arkin was in too big a rush. This led him to put his own money into the venture, and to act without studying the terrain. First, he

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hired a writer to turn out a script. The script called for four actors, so he hired them through Central Casting—cheap actors. Then he found he had to have a director, a cameraman, a sound man, a lab man, several grips, a set builder and decorator, a costumer, a lighting expert, musicians . . . "I am not Darryl Zanuck!" Arkin protested early in the game, but the thing, once started, rolled faster and faster. Three months later, when the pilot film was completed, Arkin had spent $23,000. Then he took his property to an advertising agency in search of a sponsor—the Florsheim people possibly. As for sponsoring it himself, there was a limit to Mr. Arkin's faith.

At the ad agency, Arkin had an experience that hundreds after him were to have. The ad people looked at his film, announced that it had merit, and then asked him where the other twelve films were. Mr. Arkin thought it a joke until it was explained that television followed the radio contract schedule of thirteen, twenty-six, and forty weeks. There had to be at least thirteen complete shows in any series package presented to a sponsor. In rising anger, Arkin took his film to a TV distributor, a middleman who rents film to independent TV stations. (The network TV stations concentrate on live shows, which cost more to rent.) The distributor liked it too, asked for the other twelve also, and then regretfully put it in his storage vault, where it still rests.

Arkin was reasonably typical of some thousand other solvent amateur dramatists in Hollywood who tried and failed to get a piece of the new "synthesis of all mass media" before it outgrew them. Because he could afford his misadventure, however, he was not at all typical of the majority of TV shock troops, most of whom had no more than $1,500 to their names. Amos Kiplinger, Doctor of Veterinary Medicine, for instance.

Dr. Kiplinger, now employed part-time by a Los Angeles veterinary hospital, had a growing Hollywood practice in 1950. Some of his patients were poodles or boxers belonging to movie stars. Prospects were good, but he was thirty-five years old, the father of three, and felt he ought to expand the business. He had $1,500 laid away. Then TV rose in the East.

Dr. Kiplinger had always liked the old "Our Gang" movie comedies. Why couldn't the formula, which had put Hal Roach beyond financial care, be applied to the new medium? Between clippings and wormings, the doctor began to compose a sample script. This was a formidable undertaking, but the doctor felt up to it, because so many people said he wrote interesting letters. When the script was finished, he showed it to a customer, a man with picture experience. The customer told him to forget television.

All the Children in the World

This nettled the doctor. Straightaway he hired an assistant to look after his practice while he launched a pilot film about Our Gang. Then he hired an agent to find a moneyfinder to find a second-money man who would guarantee a bank loan of fifty per cent of the one-film project, which was to cost, roughly, $3,000. He showed the script to the agent, who immediately recommended hiring a professional writer. This was done. Fees and other expenses multiplied bewilderingly, and at the end of five days the doctor's $1,500 was gone. In incipient desperation, he got a $1,500 loan on his veterinary hospital, and when that too vanished a few days later, there was nothing to do but take out a second mortgage for another $1,500. The agent was not a crook; he was simply a man who spent money in the line of duty when he had to, and in TV he had to. At the end of fifteen days, the agent ran an ad in the trade papers saying that the Amos Kiplinger Teleview Company was in production on a series of TV comedies to feature well-known child comedians. He gave the hospital address as company headquarters. The sixteenth day, Dr. Kiplinger was required to put up more money, and that day, in exhaustion and dismay, he quit.

This television story might have been forgotten by Hollywood, along with the thousands of others, had it not been for its ending. Dr. Kiplinger was brooding in his hospital on the morning of the seventeenth day when a mother who had seen his ad arrived with her child, a professional comedian of six. While the doctor was explaining, more mothers and children arrived, and then children alone, and then children with aunts and fathers and grandmothers, and then one seventy-nine-year-old adult and several younger ones—all talented, all looking for work. By ten o'clock, Dr. Kiplinger says, there were about three hundred people milling in his office and out on the sidewalk. At ten-thirty, a man accused the doctor of putting a fake casting notice in the papers and the doctor hit him. A small riot ensued in which Dr. Kiplinger and the hospital sustained considerable damage. Later he was sued for assault, and the publicity finished his practice.

But lest the historians think there were only Arkins and Kiplingers in the big foot race for position and profits in the Hollywood TV dawn, let us move on to that merry, battle-tested Grand Army of professional showmen and people who knew some professional

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showmen, who also heard the call and responded.

What were the pros doing when they yelled "Gold"?

Those who were working steady, the writers, directors, producers, actors, and others on movie or radio contracts or payrolls, went right on working. These people formed a tiny fraction of the huge professional population, of course, and for them the cry spelled only unrest and trouble. But on the shifting periphery of the studios, ears shot up like semaphores.

We have space to examine only one pair, which will have to represent all the others. This pair belonged to Herman ("Pellagra") Piper, a dignified-looking, pince-nezed man of about fifty-eight, who is still, so far as I know, president and board chairman of Herman Piper Video Productions, Inc. Mr. Piper is called Pellagra because he is from the South. He arrived in Hollywood in 1931 with a script property, "The Life of Ad Wolgast," which he never sold, and thereafter he lived as an actors' agent, bit-part player, press agent, errand man for producers, additional dialogue writer (gags), and guide on studio tours to unemployed actresses. All his life, he says, he had wanted to be a producer. All that had stood in the way was lack of money. When TV hit, Piper at once ceased all other operations and rented a ten-by-seven office in a frame building in the Eagle-Lion Studios, a huge, walled-in Hollywood rental lot jammed with sound stages, sets, dressing rooms, projection rooms—everything an independent movie or television producer might want to rent. He announced in the trade paper *TV Schedules* that his corporation was in the market for scripts. This caught the eye of another veteran showman, a bald and corpulent man who back in 1938 had owned a piece of a singer who later became famous. It also caught my eye. I was talking to Mr. Piper in his office when the veteran showman came in. Piper ceased talking to me at once and greeted the showman as an old friend. Then the two pioneers got down to business.

The Artists at Work

"I happen to have a great property, Herman," the showman said expansively. "A young man, new out here, fresh, with a terrific build."

"Ah ha!"

"Put him in a jungle with wild animals, a girl, bird noises——"

"This is Tarzan," Piper interrupted. "We could get sued."

"This is Kimbar!" said the showman coldly. "In addition, I have a title—'The Cave of the Feathered Serpents.'"

Piper allowed his face to show interest. This man might not have a property but he might have money. He had called up a few days before to say something nobody said in Hollywood—that he was broke.

"I could produce it myself, of course," the showman said, "but you have all the machinery here. Besides, you deserve the break."

Piper nodded.

"I have another title," the showman urged. "'The Lion Man of Tanganyika.'"

"Very talented," Piper said. "Very talented."

And then he told the showman he would think about his proposition, which was, substantially, to have Piper finance a series of thirteen half-hour pilot films on the adventures of Kimbar, at a cost of about $40,000. The pilot films were to be sold on completion to a big sponsor for twice that amount, with options on their residual earnings. On this note, we both left Mr. Piper.

A great many interesting things had gone on behind this conversation. The showman had assumed that Piper had money and Piper had assumed that the showman had money. Both really knew better.

Suppose Piper had taken a realistic attitude. He would have forced the showman to admit that he had no one under contract, had no script, could not produce five dollars on demand, and thought that what Piper deserved was San Quentin.

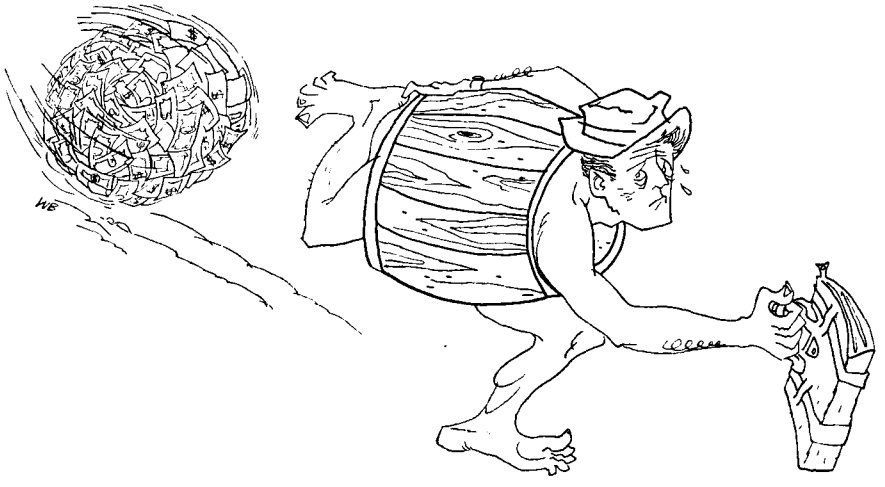
Or suppose the showman had taken a realistic attitude. He would have forced Piper to admit that his corporation was one man, Herman Piper; that he was behind in his office rent of $7.50 a month; that his total assets, indeed, were two hundred corporation letterheads and $3.65 in cash; and that he was hoping that somebody with money would come in before the landlord did.

Facing Facts

Or suppose they had simultaneously taken a realistic attitude. Both men would then have had to face the bewildering array of obstacles confronting any professional TV producer with a salable idea but no money—the trip to the cold-eyed bank to raise fifty per cent of the production cost, for instance, and the bank's refusal; the trips to meet private financiers, some with age on them, wanting to meet girls; the abrasive wrangles, if the fifty per cent were raised, in trying to get writers, directors, and actors to defer their fees, amounting to thirty-five per cent of the production cost, until the series started making money; the even more abrasive wrangles with the second-money men, who would have to put up the missing fifteen per cent and in addition guarantee the fifty per cent loan and also pay extra costs if the production ran over the budget; the fights with the technicians, who always demand cash and the hell with art.

What good would it have done to face all this reality? It would only have embarrassed and distressed Mr. Piper and the showman.

From this long account of Mr. Piper,



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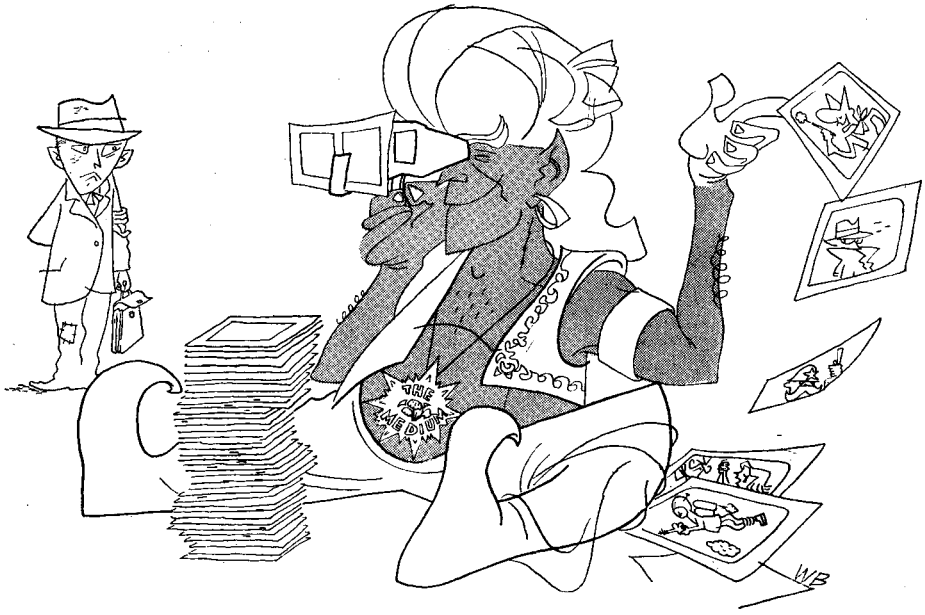

prototype that he is, historians might assume that all moneyless professional showmen who had failed to make a dent on the movies have also failed in television. This is not true. Of several thousand, several have succeeded.

The Same Old Peephole

One of these is Al Burton, twenty-three years old. Already, like so many young people in show business, he suggests an atmosphere of brilliant cold, as though somewhere in him a fierce sun shone on ice. Mr. Burton is as small and delicately made as a woman's watch, but he has a driving energy that transmits his ideas into action without the doubts of many older men.

Burton may well be the prototype of the new generation of showmen to be hatched by television. He came to Hollywood in 1948, after graduating from Northwestern, and saw at once a way to the heart of the local TV audience.

While pioneers Arkin, Kiplinger, and Piper drifted and dreamed, Burton went to Station KLAC with an idea for reporting local high-school news by bringing students before TV cameras, where their parents and friends, and others who persist in preferring artless youth to artful age, could not resist watching them. The show, a live-talent affair, was called "The Tele-Teen Reporter," and KLAC put it on at once, paying writer-director-producer-interviewer Burton $65 a week.

That done, Burton sold a similar program for college youths, called "Campus Cabana." Then he sold another, called "Campus to Campus," then a fourth, called "Hi-Talent Battle," a fifth, called "Hi-School Salute," a sixth, called "Varsity Varieties," and a seventh, called "The Anna May Show." (Anna May is a thirteen-year-old singer.) When Burton was twenty-two, a combination of these juvenile programs was bringing him over $800 a week net and had earned him a higher Hooper rating in the Los Angeles area than those earned by such glittering and expensive live productions as "The Red Skelton Show," "The Colgate Comedy Hour," "Martin & Lewis," "Eddie Cantor," "Burns & Allen" and "My Friend Irma." He is now operating, feverishly, at just below this peak.

Considering the casualties on this field of battle, Mr. Burton's success is impressive. Considering Mr. Burton, it is hard to predict just what the television of tomorrow will be. Perhaps Mr. Burton himself can cast some light here.

"Television," he said recently, from his doubly reinforced position as a success and a pioneer, "is just the same old peephole."

Return to Glamor

What we have had is the briefest of glimpses of Hollywood, the destined TV entertainment heartland, in the TV dawn. We have not seen the hundreds of dramatic recruits, male and female, aged four to eighty, fruitlessly belaboring producers' doors for a chance to act for The Eye, without pay, in defiance of union regulations. We have not seen the radio performers worrying about being made obsolete, the newspaper editors prophesying the end of printed news, the executive producers at the movie studios waiting to step in and take over when the time is right, the clerks, secretaries, and future novelists typing into the nights in attempts to fit their thoughts to the banal formulas of a TV script, the aging and slipping actors, directors, producers, and writers for the stage and the movies eying the new medium with hope for the future mingled with fear for their dignity, the blondes shifting their attention from established gentlemen in the movies to established gentlemen in television, the ex-vaudevillians and burlesque bladder-wielders capering with joy because television, with its terrible appetite, capable of devouring the average performer in one half-hour guest shot, will surely bring them back.

Above all, we have not seen Hollywood itself, the world's most famous unincorporated place name, slowly changing back into its old shape under The Eye. But it is changing. In recent years, the movie capital had become a "reverse collar" town, in the traveling salesman's phrase; a place hardly more glamorous than Gary, Indiana, if the press agents were to be believed. Fan magazines, columnists, and studio publicity departments had ground out the same theme—Hollywood had grown up, its purple period was over, it was a city of homes, babies, and garbage-disposal units. The question is, Do the fans want Hollywood to be a place of garbage-disposal units or do they want it to be Oz, moving with exotic creatures who live in luxury, fame, and, occasionally, sin? Do they want to exchange fantasy for fact?

Jesse Lasky, the patriarchs' patriarch of Hollywood, does not think so. In a recent conversation, Mr. Lasky remarked happily that the town was beginning to feel like a gold camp again. He was recalling the time when the promoters, dreamers, and grifters, the founding fathers on the run from Eastern process servers, were looking for a place to shoot pictures near the Mexican border, and had chosen Hollywood. It had been a gold camp then, and now, with the new strike, it was rapidly reverting to type.

Or at least Mr. Lasky thought it was. And he should know.

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Friendly Lady Friendless in Moscow

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

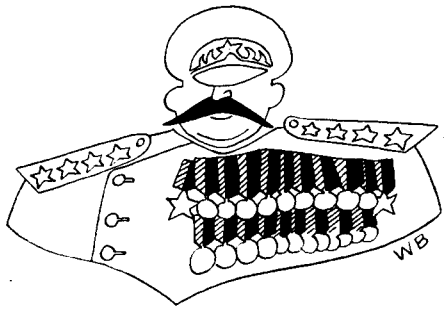
POSTMARKED MOSCOW, by Lydia Kirk. *Charles Scribner's Sons. $3.*

LYDIA KIRK is a Navy wife, and since it takes a Navy wife's husband some years to progress from ensign to admiral, there is, even for the most fortunate Navy wives, a lengthy period of forced immersion in the complicated and watchful hierarchy of naval-base society—a period during which qualities of tact and adaptability are almost necessarily developed to a high degree. When Admiral Alan G. Kirk went to Brussels and Moscow as American ambassador, he took with him a graduate of an exacting finishing school.

Brussels opposed no barriers to Mrs. Kirk's talent for friendliness. She met Belgians and liked them; she had a wonderful time. But Moscow locked her up under a sort of house arrest in the American Embassy. Through the simple expedient of refusing to talk with her, the Russians guarded themselves against exposure to tact, adaptability, or friendliness. They placed Mrs. Kirk in the singular position of being the only talking character in a silent film. Even the pygmies in Africa smile, frown, point in a humble attempt at communication—but not the Russians. The situation of living among human beings who refuse to converse can be frightening, as anything deliberately unnatural is frightening, but Mrs. Kirk did not give way to fear. She left suspicion, nervousness, and fear where she found them—on the side of the Russians. What she thought of the situation was not that it was frightening but that it was stupid. She was annoyed by it. And she wrote these letters home about it.

Of course there were formal festivities when she was in the same room with Russians, invited, one might mistakenly suppose, for the purpose of social intercourse—but generally the bemedaled marshals and the Soviet officials stayed together at one end of the room and left Mrs. Kirk and the British, French, and other "Western wives" to talk together at the other. And of course there were "Dad's Little Men," the constant police escort provided the Ambassador. Mrs. Kirk made great progress with these guardian angels: After a year or so, one of them smiled in response to her greeting as she entered the Embassy car.

Mrs. Vishinsky had Mrs. Kirk to tea. That was a peculiar occasion. For Mrs. Kirk's friendliness, even though the inevitable chaperone was present, exacted from her hostess a perceptible effort before it was dutifully rejected in safe banalities about the Moscow weather. This scene, hinting at the repression one associates with Bluebeard's wives—who lived in justified premonition of disaster—is perhaps, in



its quiet way, more revealing of Russian fear than any other in Mrs. Kirk's account.

Conversation was impossible, sightseeing limited. Can one imagine the wife of a foreign ambassador gravely reporting that the British had graciously permitted her to visit the British Museum, or the Italians the Forum, or the Greeks the Acropolis, or the Americans the National Gallery? Mrs. Kirk reports that the Russians permitted her to visit the Kremlin Museum and Lenin's tomb. They did not permit her to visit hospitals or schools. They could not prevent her from wandering through the streets or public parks and, on occasion, from noticing stockades manned by armed guards—when she would wonder who might be the unhappy men laboring behind them.

After permission had been requested and the proper forms filled out, there could be excursions on certain roads but not on others, to certain specified rural destinations but not to others. For example, she drove through the countryside to Tolstoy's home. It was there, perhaps more than in the city, that she felt how necessary, from their point of view, was this deliberate Russian refusal to admit to a common humanity with the outside world. For Tolstoy's place looked like an American country house of the past. In the Russian past there had been the serfs, and the master of that country house had worried enough at the fact that there were Russians who were not free; in the American past there had been the slaves, and there had been Americans who had worried so much about slavery that they had fought a war to abolish it. At Tolstoy's place one saw the American and the Russian past briefly convergent in the same struggle for freedom. It was possibly such a line of thought that the Russians above all desired to prevent, now that they had installed a more widespread servitude wherever they ruled than had ever existed in their own or in the American past, and had named it progress. Obviously, it was imprudent to converse with Americans, especially about the past.

And so Mrs. Kirk would return to the Embassy and write her letters home about problems of food, servants, what dress she had put on for this party or for that, and who came to dinner. She would return from these rare drives into the country or from her walks in the Moscow streets to the inbred life of the diplomatic set. Of course diplomats, no matter where they are accredited, see too much of each other—as Communist writers have often delighted in pointing out. The joke is that in Communism's capital the diplomats cannot be blamed for doing so: The Communists provide them with no other recourse.

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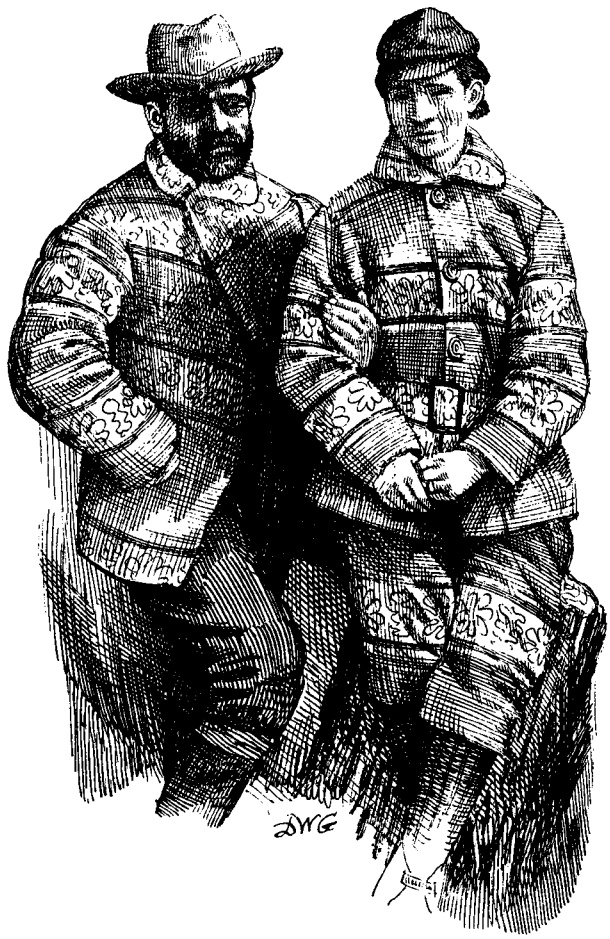

There's a race of men that don't fit in,
A race that can't stay still;
So they break the hearts of kith and kin,
And they roam the world at will.

—ROBERT W. SERVICE

(*See "The Future Senator from Alaska," page 31*)

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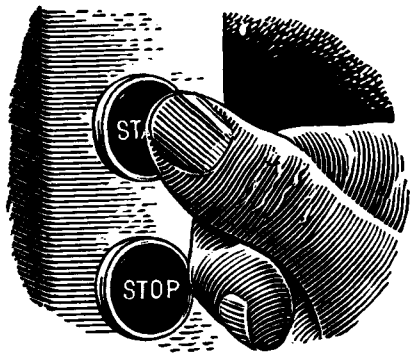
It is difficult to write a definition of the American way. But it is easy to find good examples. Here is one:



The man with 7½ horses

SOMETIME SOON, when your men's club is looking for a live topic, try this:

"For every 100 people in the world, only 6 are inside the borders of the U.S.A.; yet we produce 40% of the world's goods." Question: How can this be done?

Obviously the answer is not in numbers of people.

For there are many more people in Asia, for instance. Half the Asiatics work on farms. Yet most of the population is undernourished.

Here in America only 1 in 10 workers is on a farm. Yet most of us have all we need to eat. Why does our manpower go so far?

Because a little gasoline plows the furrow, a bit of electricity milks the cow. Mechanization and electrification multiply our manpower many times over.

Experts call this *productivity,* and it's what earns the U.S.A. her top-rung position.

Where does this productivity come from? Someone asked Dr. Charles Steinmetz, G.E.'s electrical wizard, this question shortly after World War I, and he answered:

> "One horsepower equals the muscle work of about 22 men—big men. There are machines coming out of General Electric today which can do more work than the entire slave population of this country at the time of the Civil War."

And things have moved along fast since Dr. Steinmetz' day, too.

Today almost 90% of America's industrial output is supplied by electric motors. The American workman has about 7½ horsepower at his finger tips — the power of 165 big men. He is aided by 7 times more electric power than his Russian counterpart.

At a West Coast steel mill, for instance, 4 motors can do a job equal to the manpower of 38 army divisions. In Butte, Montana, a single motor lifts 12 tons of copper ore at nearly 30 miles per hour.

And at Grand Coulee Dam the largest motors in the world — 65,000 horsepower each — can pump enough water to supply a city the size of New York!

Motors put muscles in industry — but they work faithfully for us at home, too. Someday count up the number of electric motors in your home. The average American home today has 6 motors, doing work that our grandparents did by hand.

In the last two generations General Electric scientists and engineers have done many things to change the world we live in. No one can explain America's gigantic production records without mentioning "electrification."

Motors are a giant cause of our production gains. But so are electric transportation, electric lighting, new methods of generating electricity, new electrical efficiency in homes.

Call it what you will — private enterprise, the competitive economic system, or the American way — the results are impressive.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

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